

DELL

Western  
Adventure

APRIL-JUNE

Still 10¢

# WAGON TRAIN

Major Adams uses an  
eclipse of the sun  
to save Flint  
and the wagon train  
from vengeful  
Cheyennes!





## Revenge of the Cheyenne

"Maybe I'm not responsible for my scout,  
but I felt as though I was when  
Flint didn't come back from a  
special assignment. What I saw when  
I found him made my blood run  
hot and cold. His life depended on  
perfect timing and what I could  
do to outwit his captors."



## Race to Rainbow Creek

"I've seen some smart alecks  
who drive a hard fight . . . but  
when one of them decides  
he can outride, outdrive, and  
outdo everyone in the wagon  
train, it's time somebody put  
him in his place . . .  
and I was elected for the job!"

# WAGON TRAIN

FRESH WATER HERE, MAJOR! AND PLENTY OF WOOD AND GRASS FOR THE ANIMALS! WE CAN CAMP HERE!

## REVENGE of the CHEYENNE



DO YOU SEE THAT SMOKE UP AHEAD... IN THE MOUNTAINS?

CHEYENNE, MAJOR... BUT I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE ANY TROUBLE!

CHIEF RED ARROW HAS A VILLAGE UP THERE...

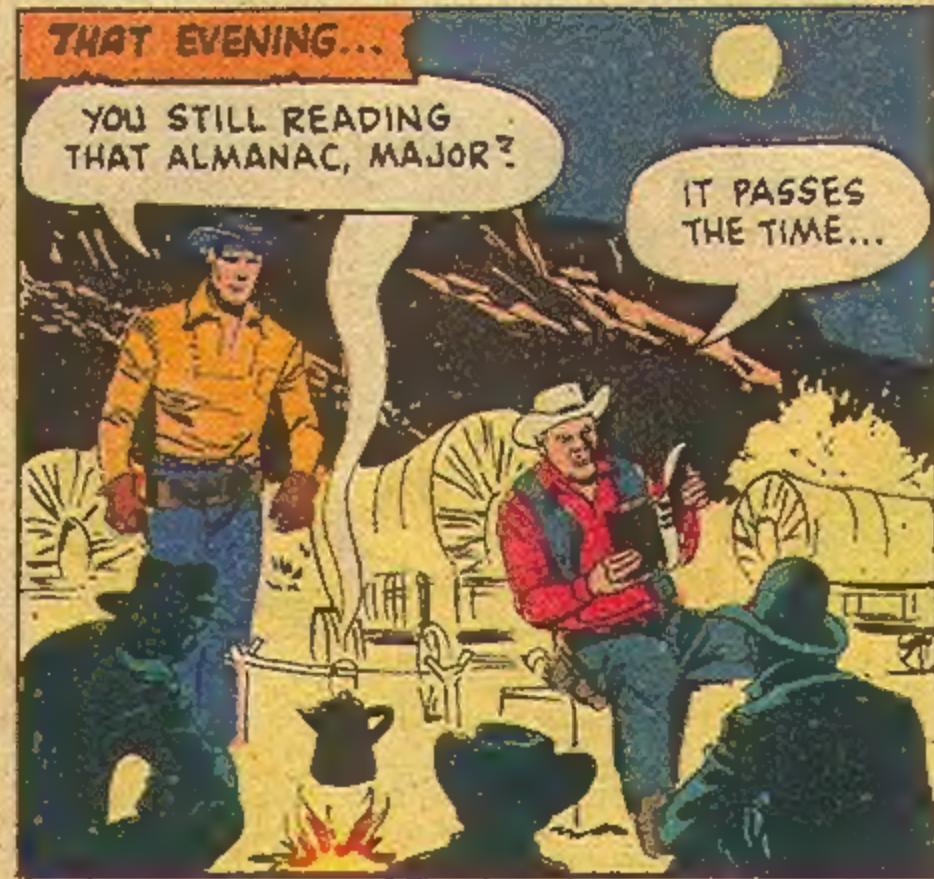
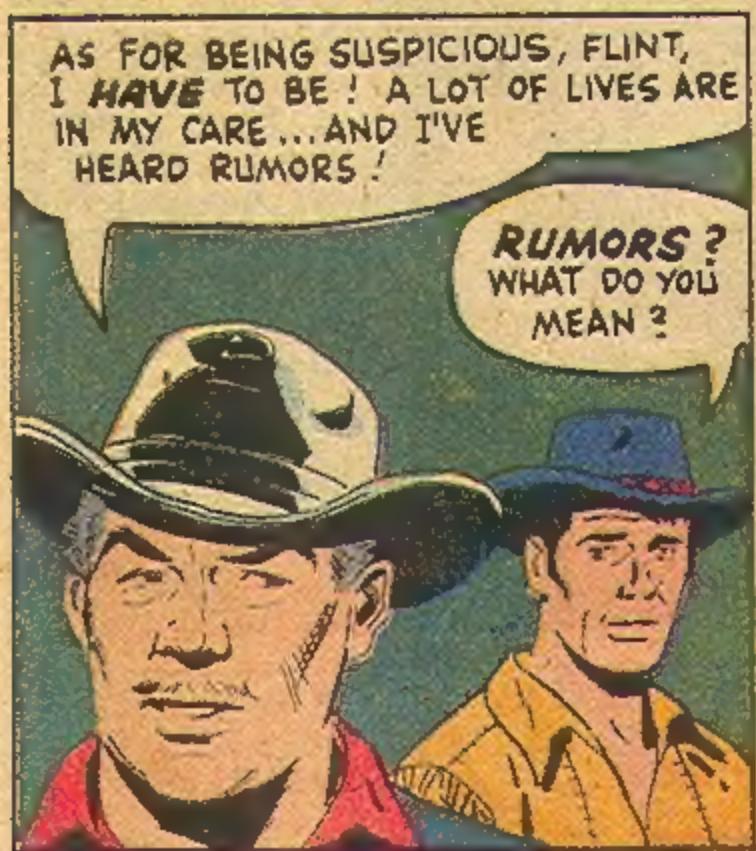
WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE HE'LL BE FRIENDLY?

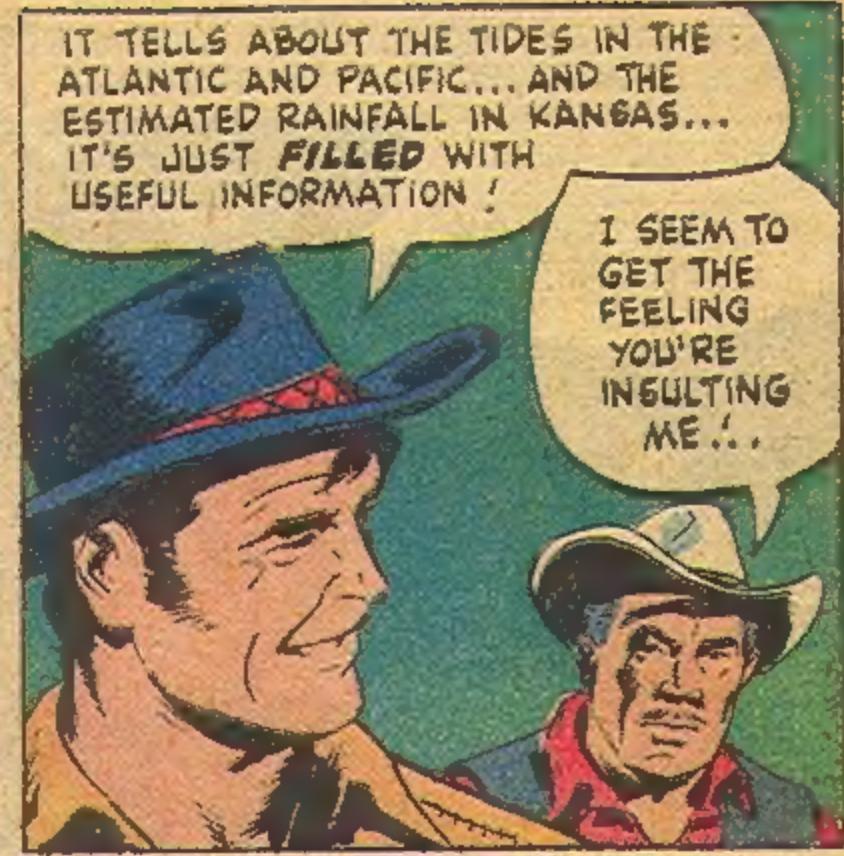


WAGON TRAIN, No. 5, April-June, 1960. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Ave., New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-Pres.-Advertising Director; Albert P. Delacorte, Treasurer. Application for second-class entry pending at the Post Office at New York, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Possessions and Canada 40c per year. Subscriptions for Pan-American and foreign countries 70c per year. Dell Subscription Service: 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1960, by Revue Productions, Inc.

This periodical shall be sold only through authorized dealers. Sales of mutilated copies or copies without covers, and distribution of this periodical for premiums, advertising, or giveaways, are strictly forbidden.

**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**





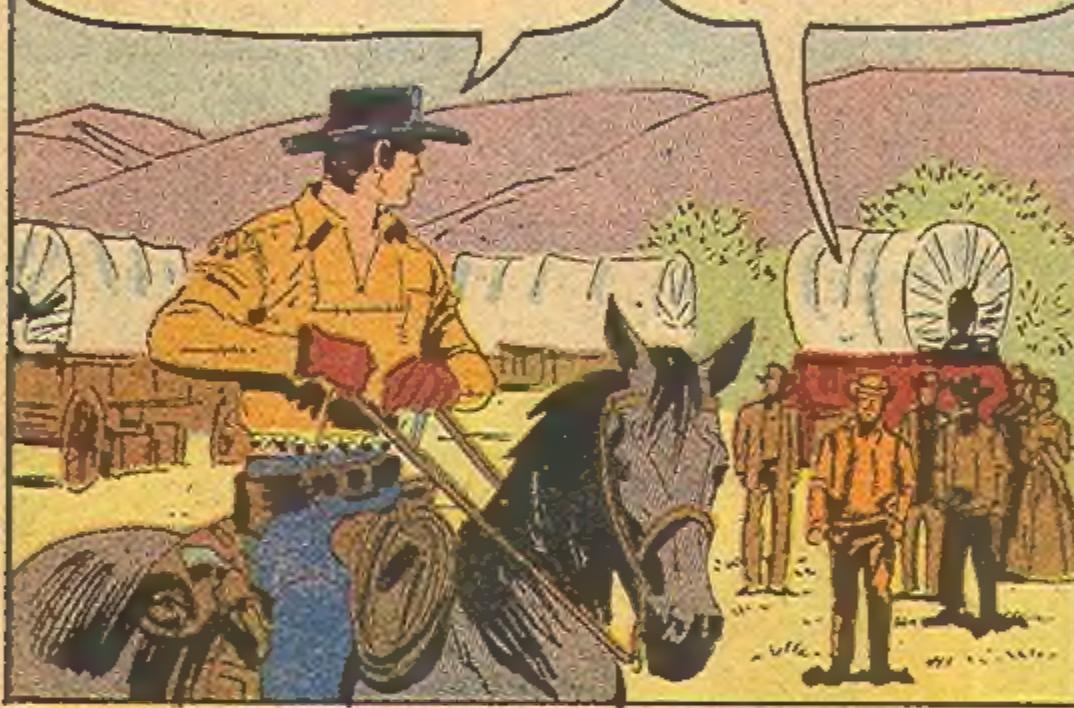
THAT NIGHT, AS THE WAGON CAMP SLEEPS, THREE PAIR OF EYES WATCH FROM THE ROCKS ABOVE...

TONIGHT THEY SLEEP... TOMORROW, WE WILL TAKE OUR REVENGE!



AT DAWN... I SHOULD BE BACK WITHIN AN HOUR, MAJOR...

SURE YOU DON'T WANT SOMEONE TO GO ALONG WITH YOU?



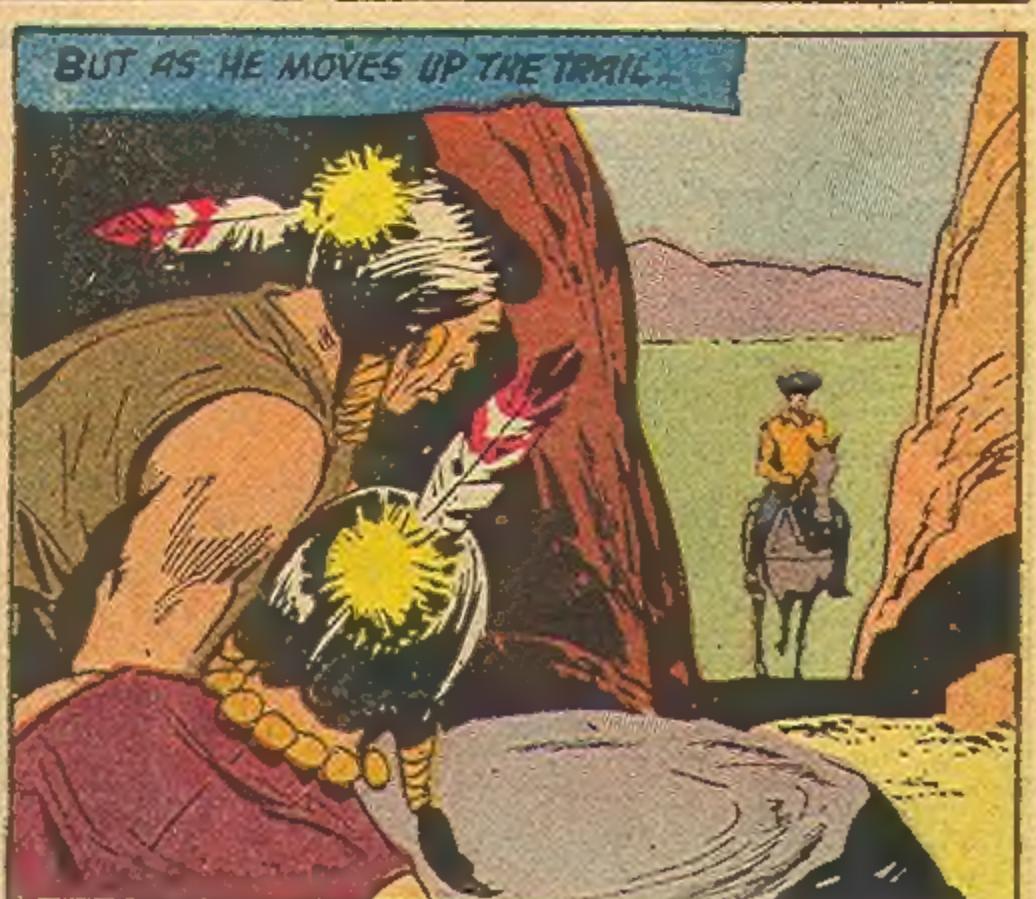
STOP WORRYING... I'M JUST DOING THIS FOR YOU! I KNOW CHIEF RED ARROW IS PEACEFUL!

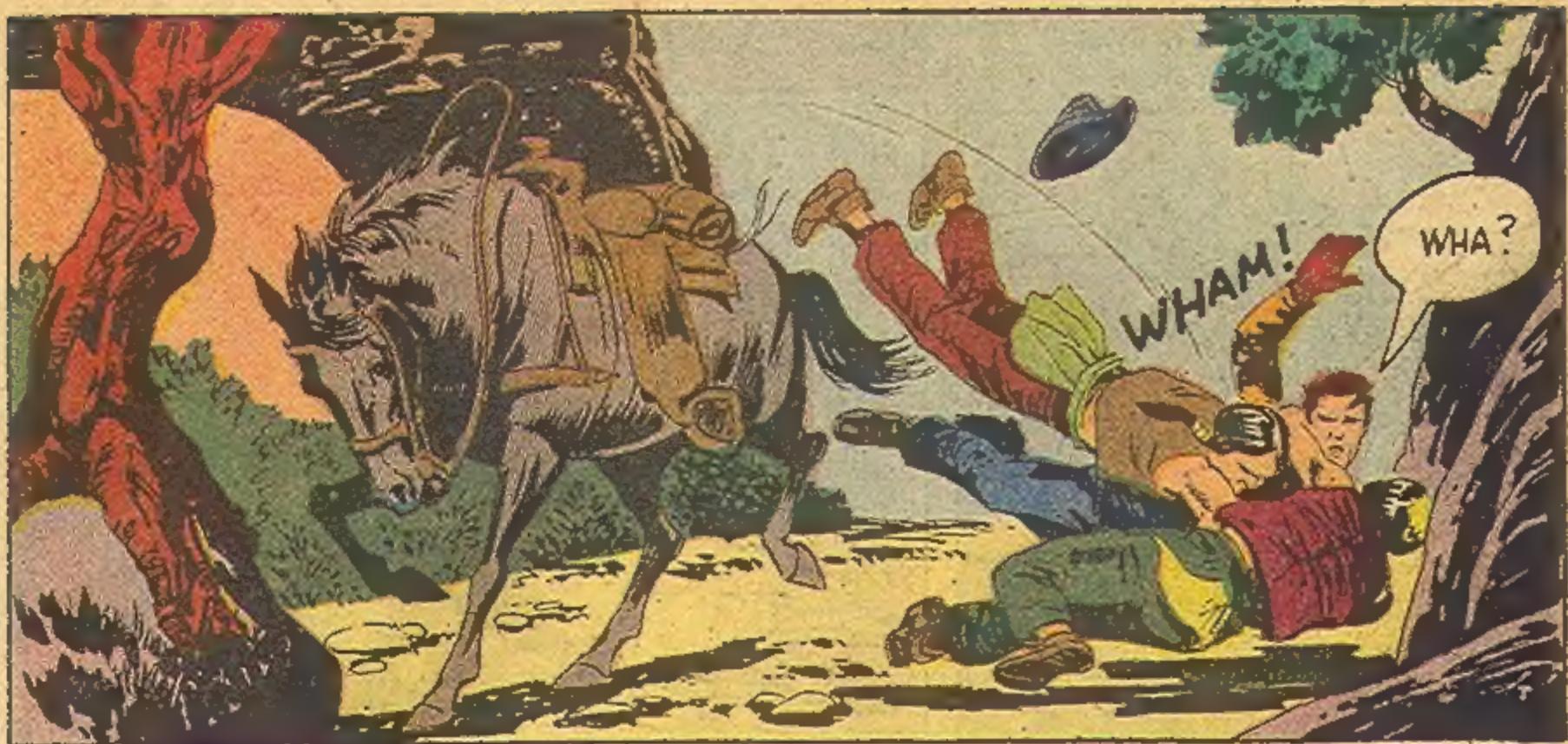


FLINT RIDES EASILY, CONFIDENT THAT THERE IS NO CRUSE FOR CONCERN...

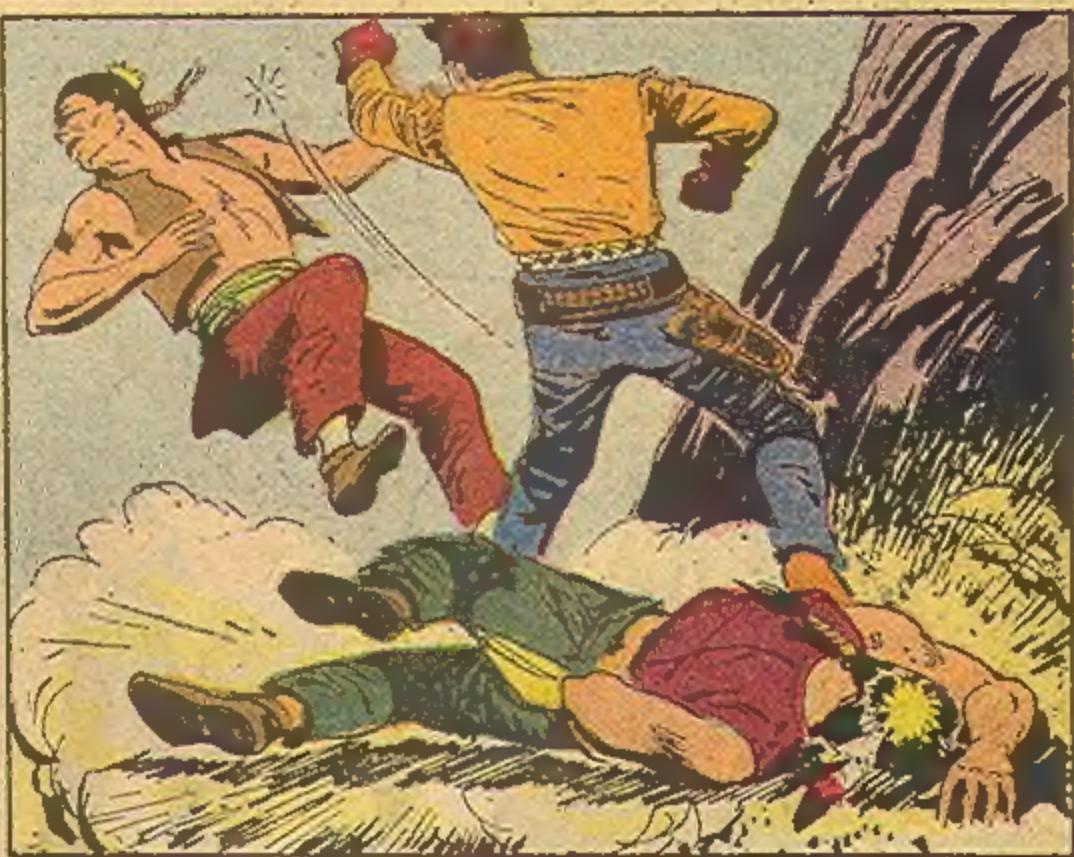


BUT AS HE MOVES UP THE TRAIL...





FLINT FIGHTS AGAINST THE ATTACK...



ONE OF THE CHEYENNE BRAVES DRAWS A GLEAMING KNIFE...



IF I EVER GET OUT OF THIS, I'LL LISTEN TO THE MAJOR... HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT TROUBLE!







THERE ARE WAYS OF CHECKING WHICH TRAIN CAME THROUGH TWO MONTHS AGO ! THE MEN WILL BE QUESTIONED...WE WILL FIND THEM AND TURN THEM OVER TO THE LAW !

HOW DO I KNOW YOU SPEAK TRUTH ? IT IS BETTER CHEYENNE PUNISH YOU NOW !

THAT'S REVENGE, NOT PUNISHMENT !



BUT RED ARROW WILL NOT ACT UNTIL HE GIVES YOU CHANCE TO PROVE YOU SPEAK HONEST WORDS ! TAKE HIM AWAY ! TIE HIM UP !



YOU WILL REMAIN HERE... MOON WILL COME TONIGHT AND GO...WE WILL SOON LEARN IF YOU SPEAK TRUTH !

HOW WILL THIS PROVE ANYTHING ?



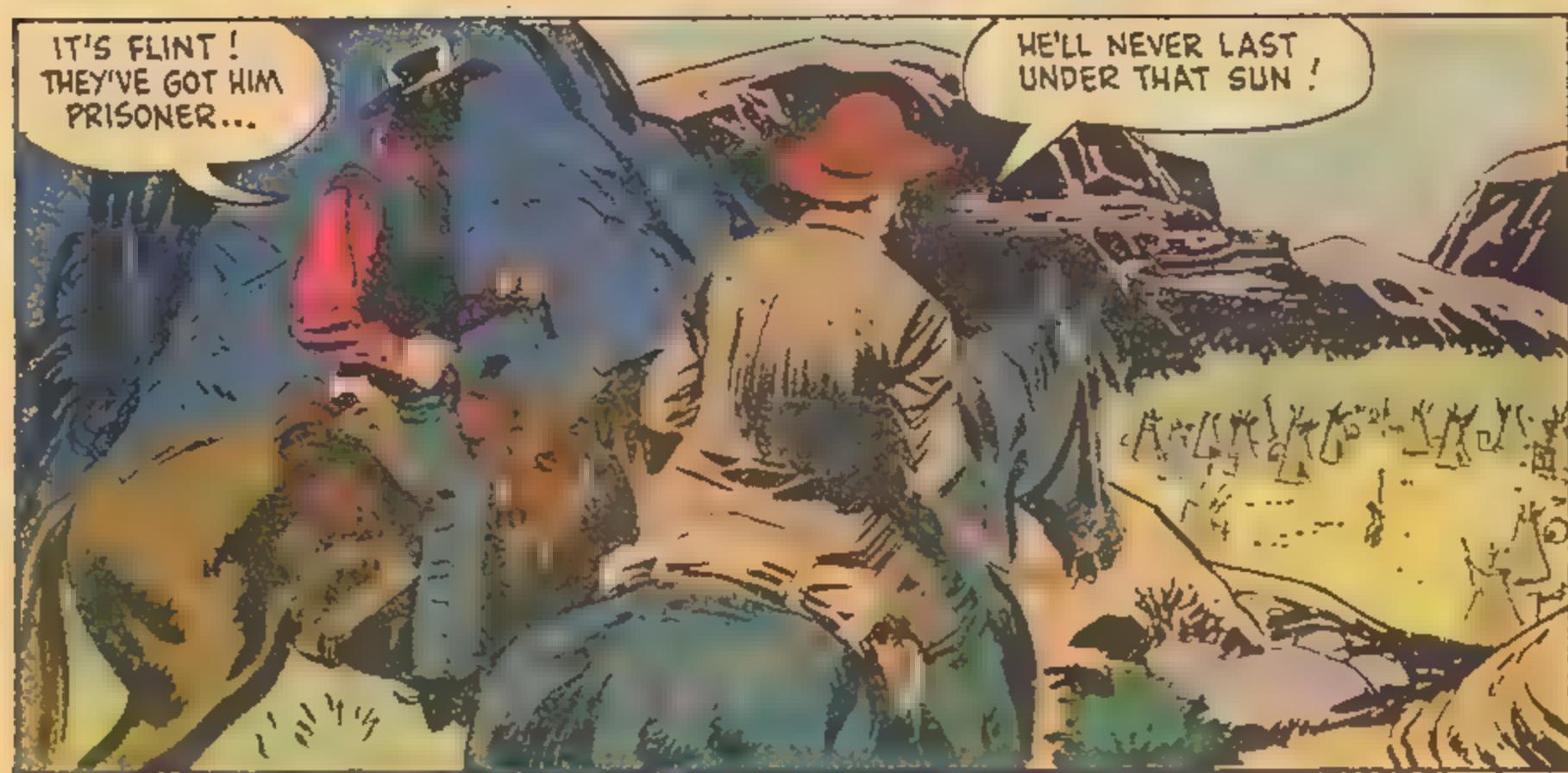
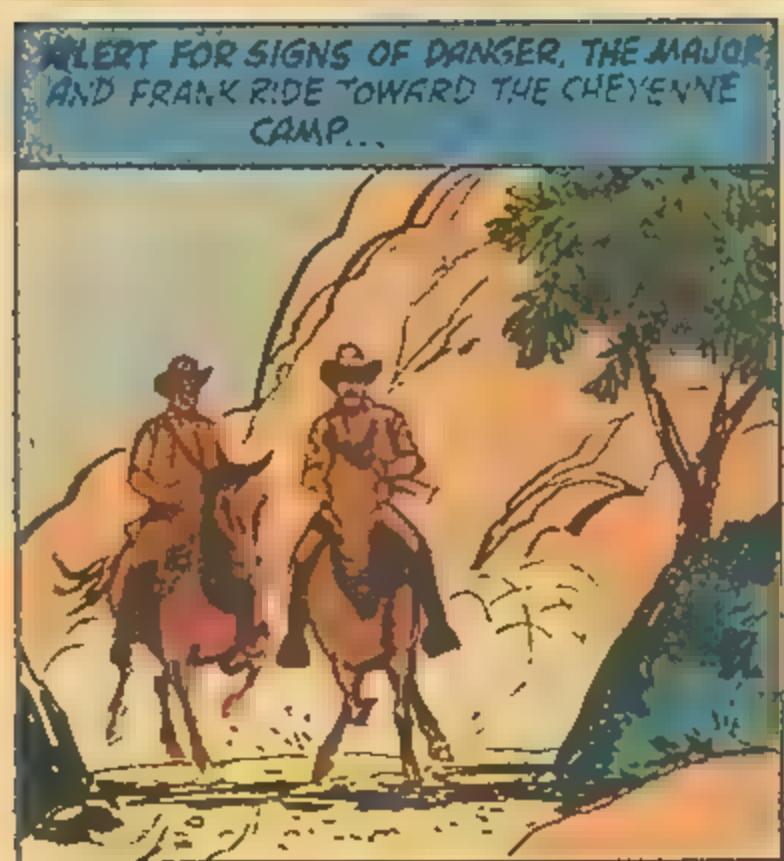
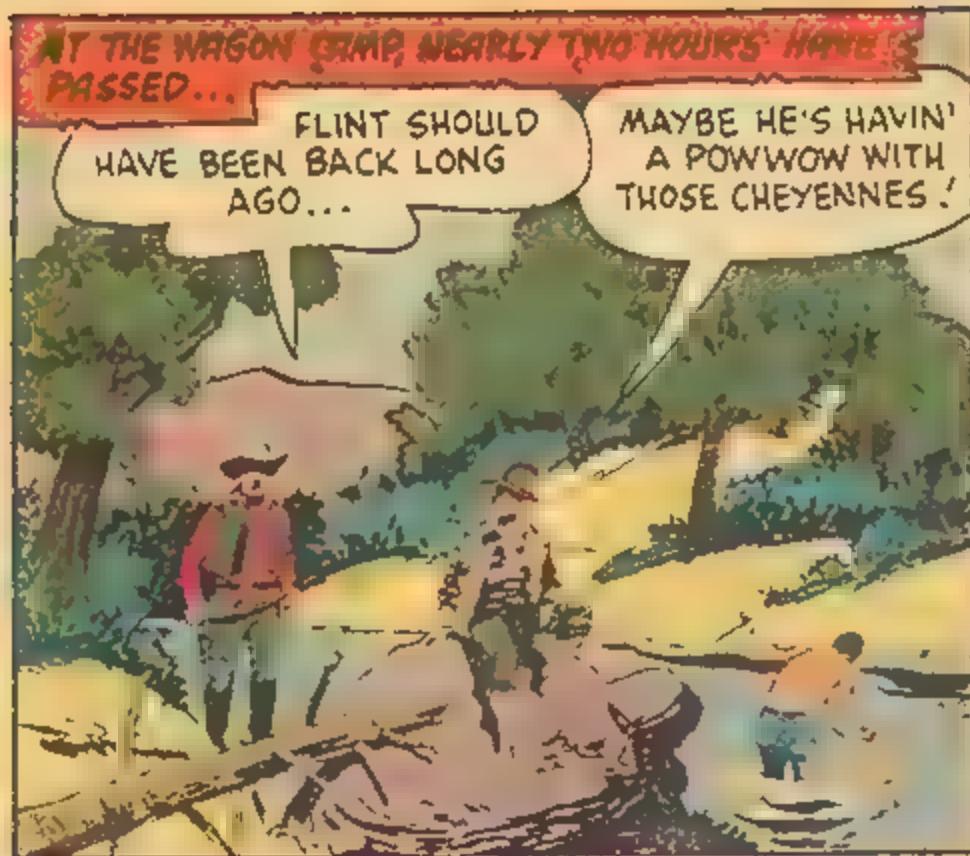
TWO SUNS WILL SHINE ON WAGON TRAIN SCOUT ! IF YOU STILL HAVE VOICE WHEN SECOND MOON COMES, WE KNOW YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH !



FLINT IS LEFT ALONE TO FACE THE BURNING RAYS OF THE SUN...

IT'LL TAKE A MIRACLE TO GET ME OUT OF HERE ! MY TONGUE WILL BE SO SWOLLEN BY TOMORROW NIGHT I WON'T BE ABLE TO WHISPER — LET ALONE SPEAK !





WE WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TRYING TO RESCUE HIM IN BROAD DAYLIGHT...WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL IT'S DARK !

SHOULD I RIDE BACK AND GET SOME OF THE OTHERS ?

I CAN'T ENDANGER ANY MORE LIVES, FRANK... YOU GO ON BACK TO CAMP AND EXPLAIN WHAT'S HAPPENED ! WE'LL REMAIN IN CAMP ONE MORE DAY !

AND IF IT DOESN'T WORK ?

FLINT KNEW HIS CHANCES WHEN HE TOOK ON THIS JOB... IF I CAN'T RESCUE HIM, WE'LL MOVE OUT AT DAWN ! IF I'M NOT THERE, YOU TAKE CHARGE !

THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, THE BRAVE MAJOR MEERS HIS VIGIL...

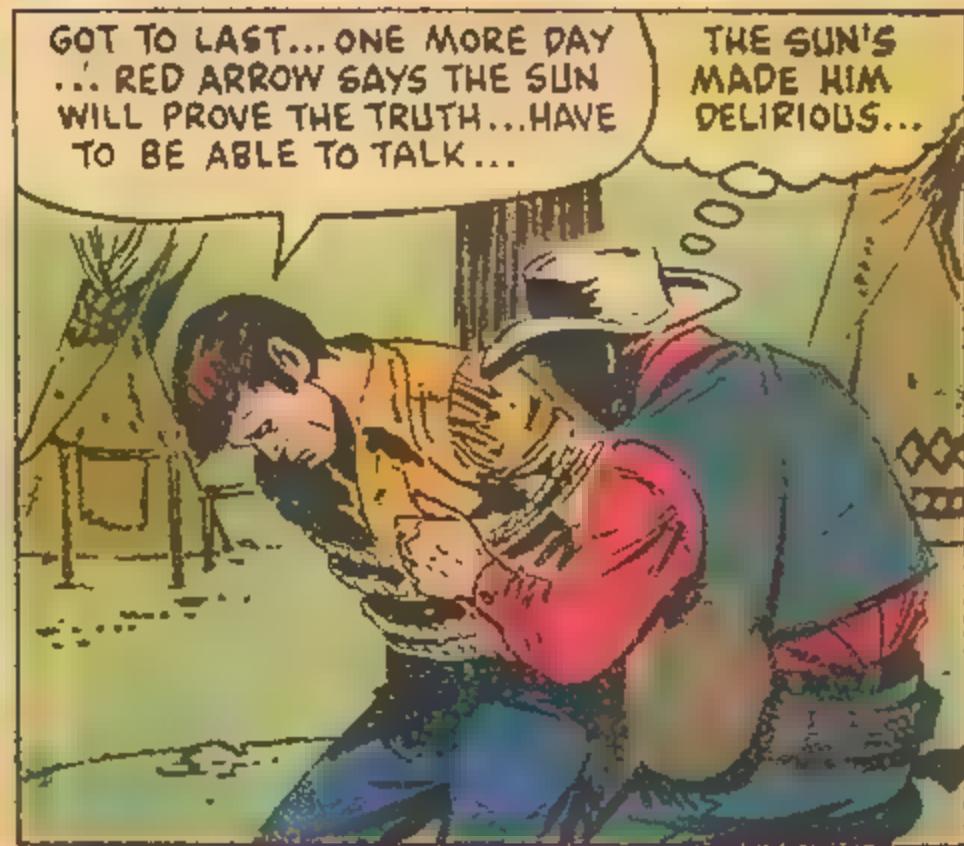
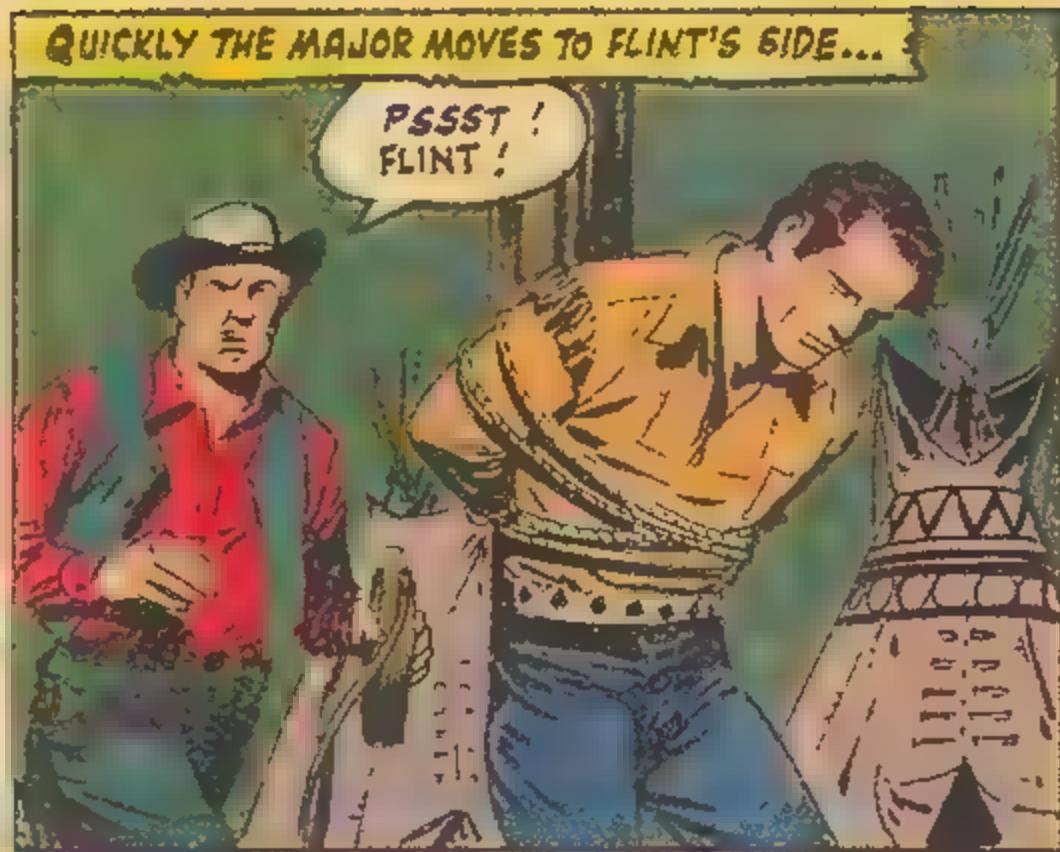
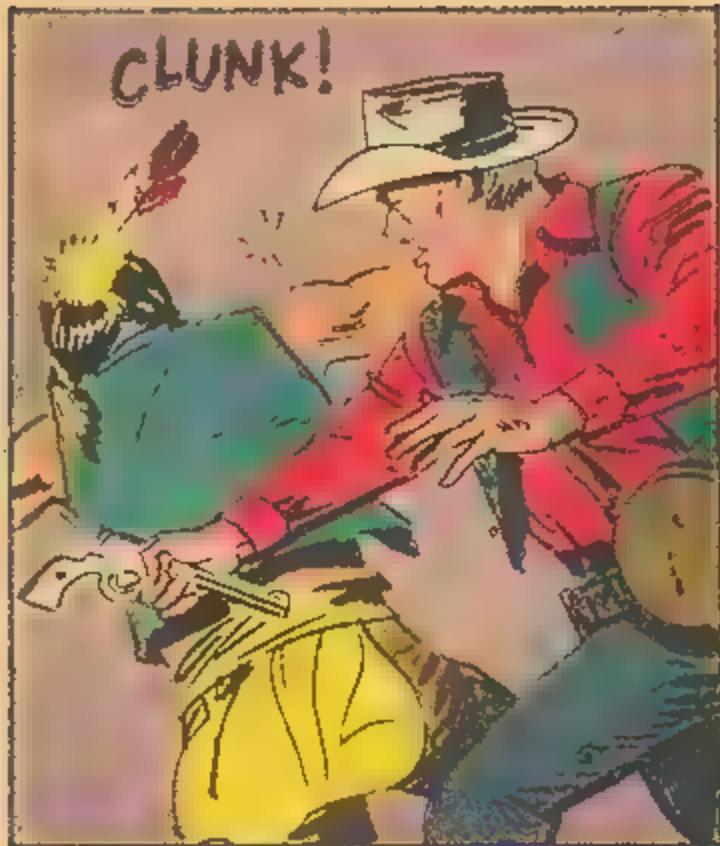
IF HE CAN JUST HANG ON TILL TONIGHT...

AT NIGHTFALL, THE INDIAN RAIDERS...

GOT TO GET THAT BRAVE OUT OF THE WAY FIRST !

SILENTLY, MAJOR ADAMS MOVES UP BEHIND THE INDIAN RAIDERS...



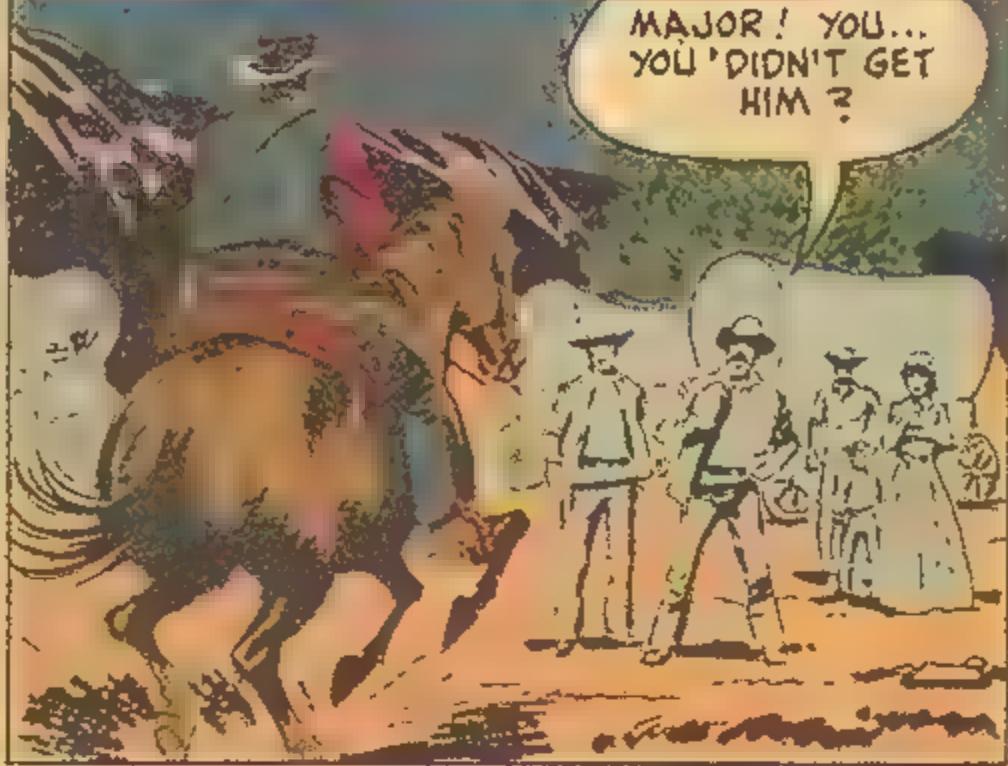


UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS MAJOR ADAMS ESCAPES THE FIRE OF INDIAN BULLETS...



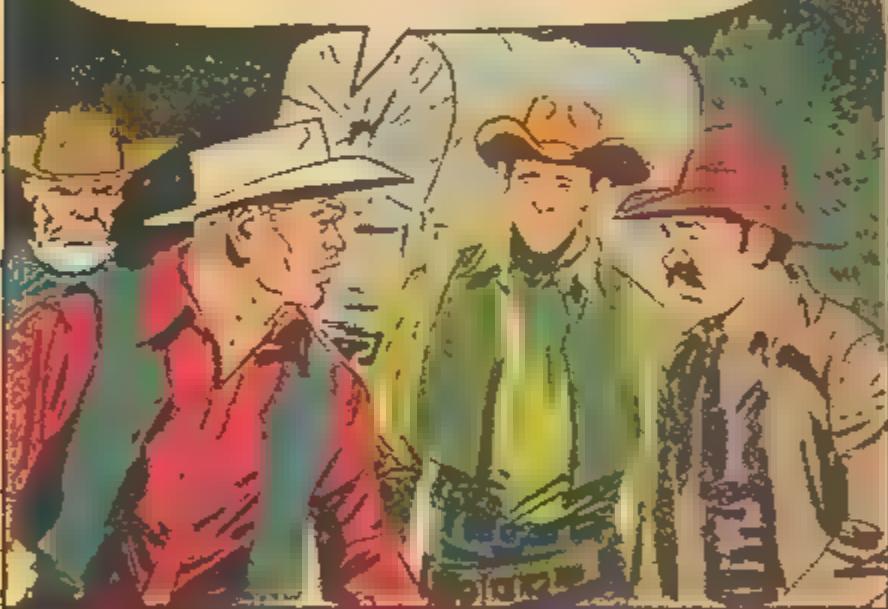
...AND RETURNS TO THE WAGON CAMP

MAJOR! YOU... YOU DIDN'T GET HIM?



MAJOR ADAMS EXPLAINS WHAT HAS HAPPENED

...AND IT'S AN OLD INDIAN SUPERSTITION... IF FLINT CAN LAST TILL NIGHTFALL TOMORROW, THEY'LL BELIEVE HIM!



BUT HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT... HE'S NEARLY OUT OF HIS HEAD RIGHT NOW...

BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM!



IF WE TRY AND RESCUE HIM BY FORCE, WE'LL HAVE A FULL-SCALE FIGHT... I CAN'T ASK ANY OF YOU TO RISK THAT!

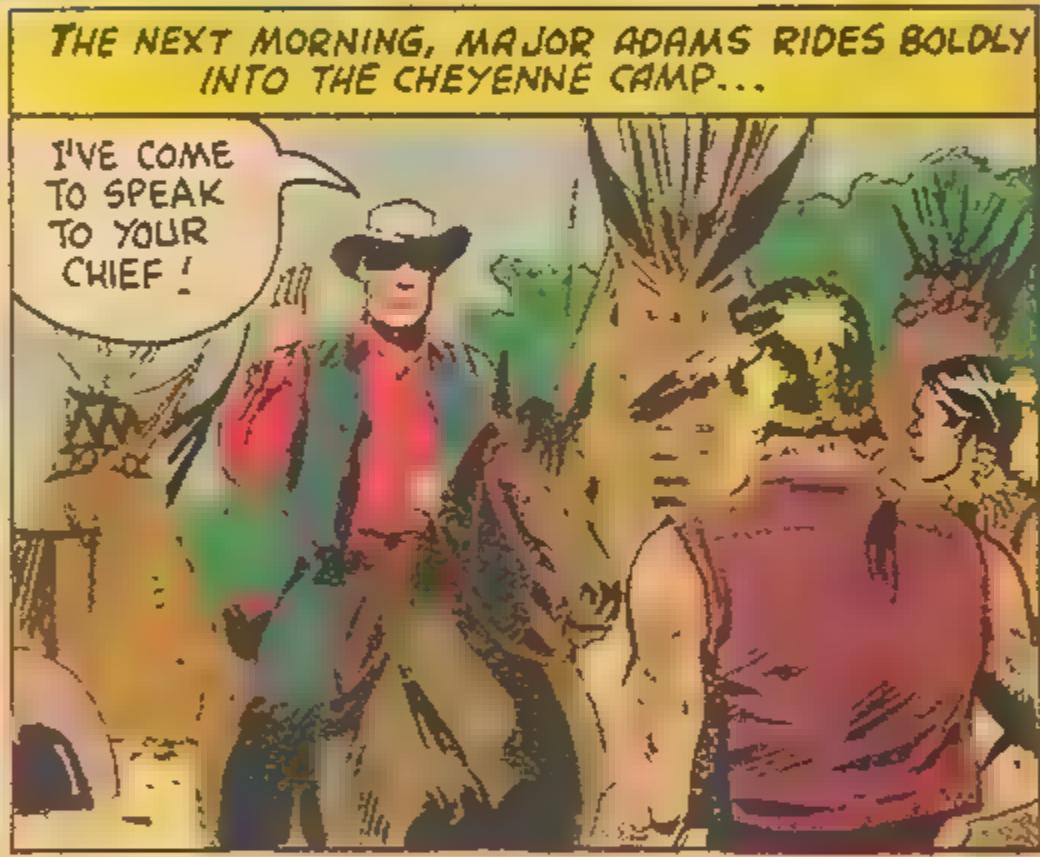
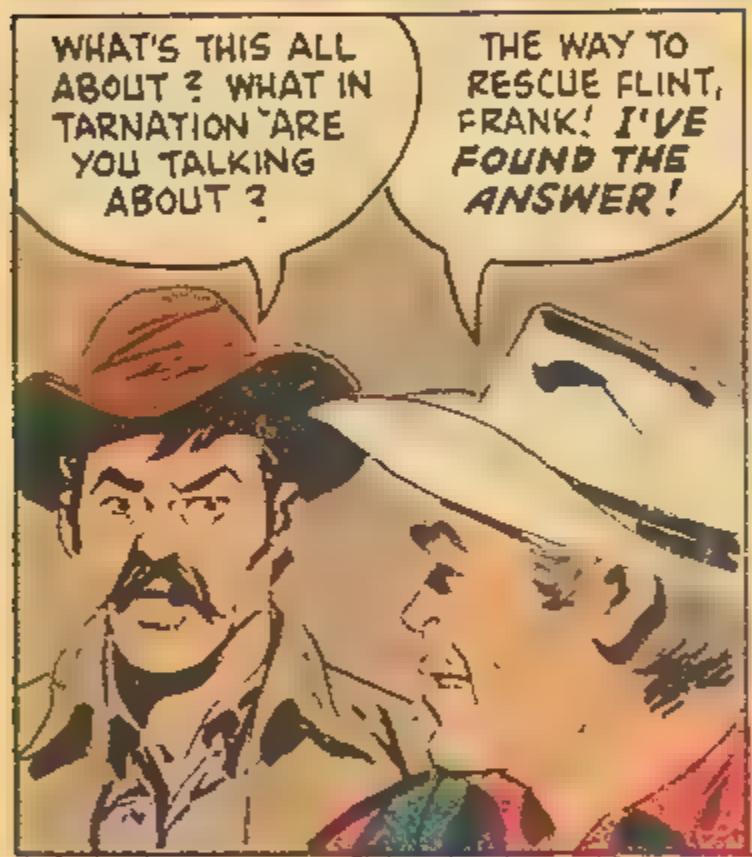
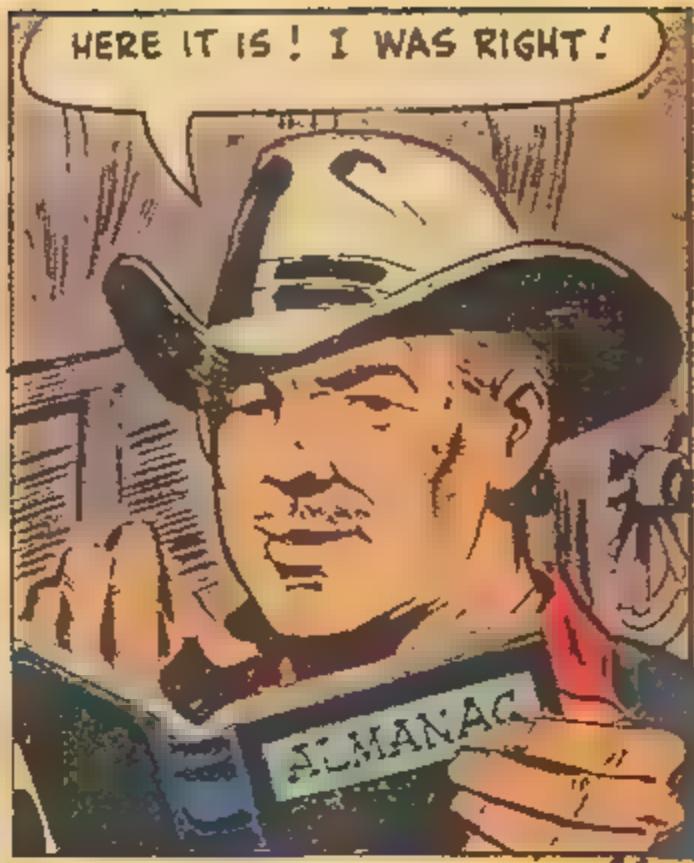
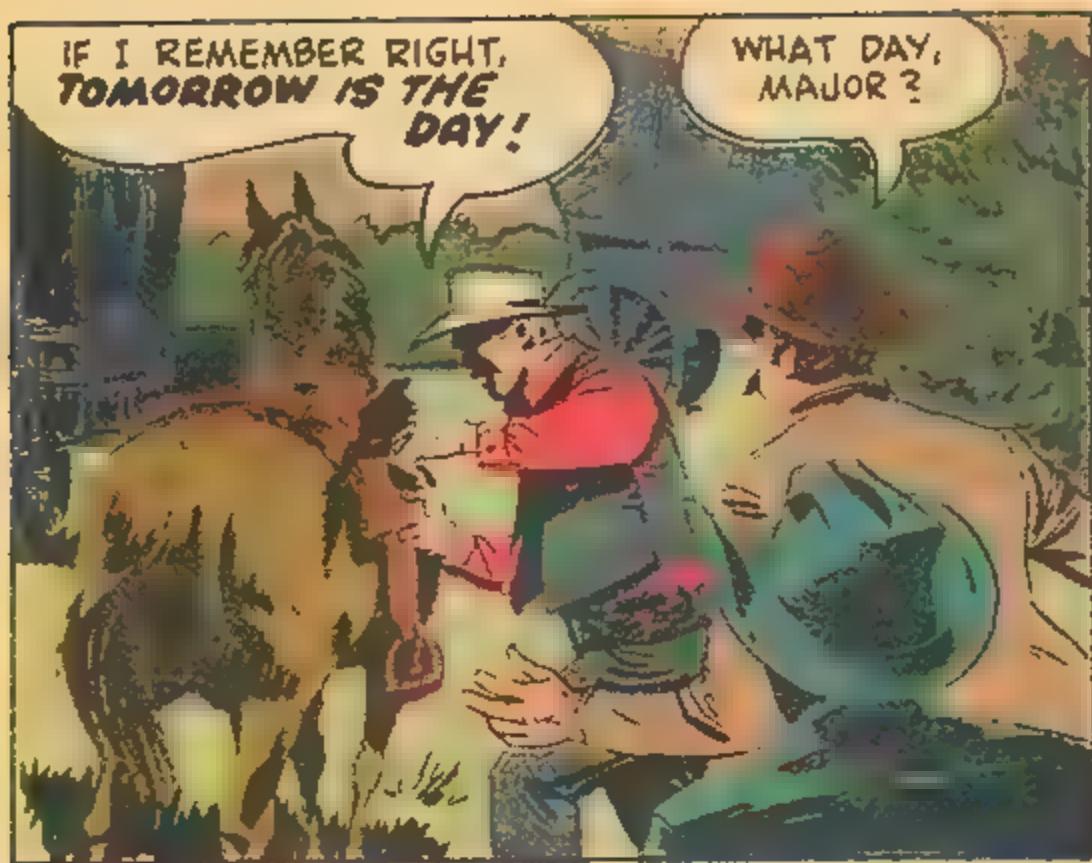
WE DON'T CARE, MAJOR... GIVE US THE CHANCE!... WE WON'T MAKE COLORADO JUNCTION BY THE 18TH ANYWAY... TODAY'S THE 17TH! WE'RE WILLIN' TO HELP YOU!

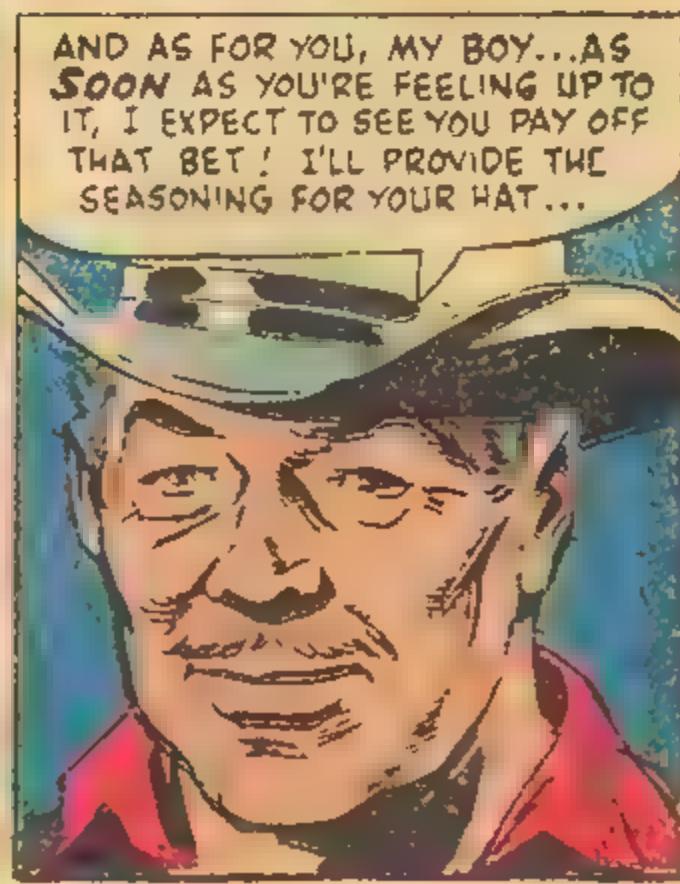
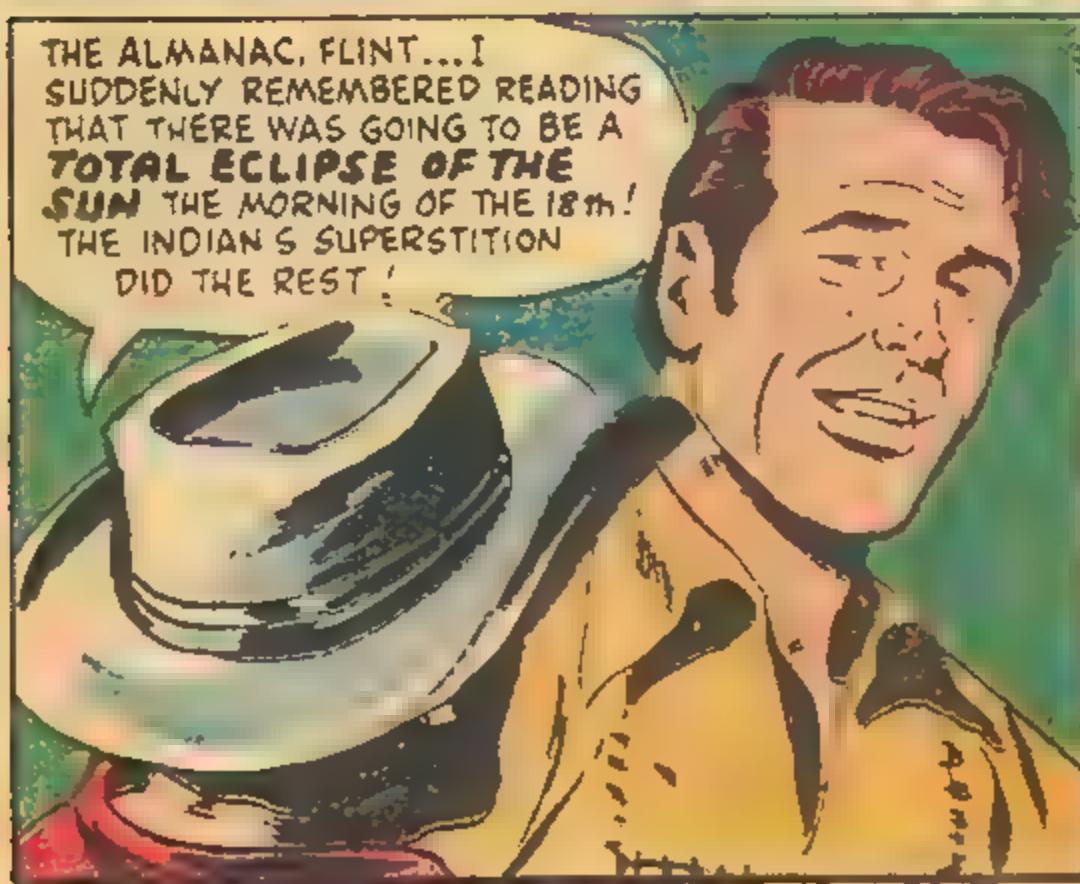
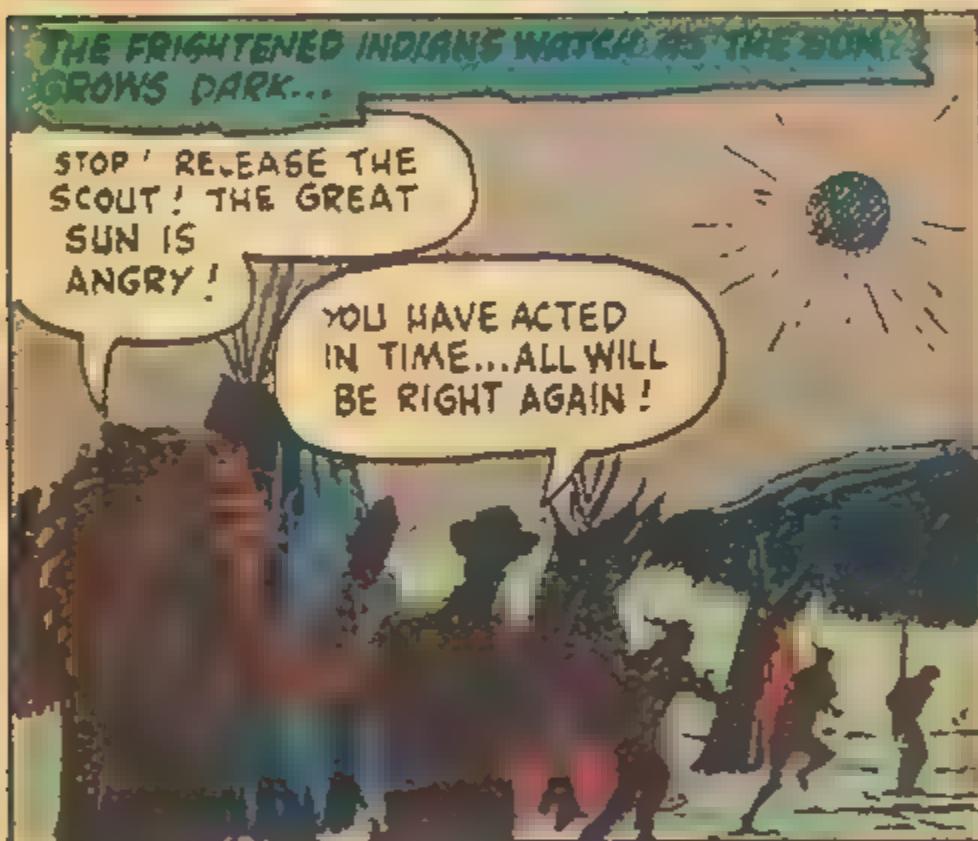


WHAT DID YOU SAY ABOUT THE 17TH?

THAT'S THE DATE TODAY... DON'T YOU REMEMBER TELLIN' US YOU'D HOPED TO GET TO COLORADO JUNCTION BY THE 18TH?







# The NEW TOWN ARMY



COPIES OF THIS MAGAZINE BY WESTERN PRINTING & LITHO. CO.

Keeping law and order in the small frontier towns which dotted the western plains during the 1800's was one of the gravest problems early townspeople faced.

Mixed with the permanent population was a constantly shifting element of gamblers, highwaymen, thieves of every description, and some of the boldest gunmen in history.

In at least one town, it took a small army to rid the streets of unsavory characters.

The little settlement of New Town, New Mexico, seemed to have more than its share of lawless men. Among the more notable, and colorfully named, were: Caribou Brown, Dirty-face Mike, Billy the Kid, Doubleout Sam, Wink the Barber, Mysterious Dave, and Kickapoo George. Gangs of restless outlaws roamed the street with permanent chips on their shoulders, looking for trouble. They usually found it.

Gun fights and brawls were so commonplace that when an afternoon went by without at least a dozen "incidents," it was counted as a pretty dull day.

"I tell you, it's got to stop!" an enraged citizen stormed heatedly to a group of his fellow townspeople one day. "It isn't safe to be out on the streets. Why, a man can't even ride into town for supplies with his wife and children without fearing for their lives!"

"We all know that," another man drawled. "But I don't see what we can do about it. The sheriffs we've hired haven't lasted more than two days -- most of 'em not even that long! I tell you, it'd take an army to run those jaspers out of town!"

The first citizen leaped to his feet, his heavy fist smacking into the open palm of his other hand. "By jingos, that's it!" he crowed triumphantly. "It'll take a small army, all right, so we'll just raise one!"

The others brightened visibly at this sug-

gestion. They had selected New Town as their home and were reluctant to move on to another town where, quite possibly, the situation might be even more desperate.

Plans were swiftly made. The general store had a run of business on rifles and ammunition as the men of one family after another armed themselves for an all-out battle.

"Now we've got to go about this sensible like," one of the leaders cautioned the others. "There's no sense in risking lives unless we have to. I say we should post some kind of a notice in the town square, telling these hombres we mean business."

And so it was that placards were printed and posted in several conspicuous parts of town.

Early that evening the makeshift army took up its position, stretched along the main streets of the town. They were a formidable sight, each man armed with a rifle and one or two handguns as well.

All day long the outlaw gangs had passed the placards, made note of their message, and hurried to their leaders for advice.

Preserved to this day, the message on one such placard read: "Notice to thieves, thugs, fakirs, and bunko-steerers among whom are: Off Wheeler Harlin, Little Jack the Cutter, Pock-Marked Kid, Saw Dust Charlie, Billy the Kid, and about twenty others: if found within the limits of this city after ten o'clock this night you will be invited to attend a grand party, the expense of which will be borne by over 100 substantial citizens."

The plan worked admirably since the nature of the "party" was too apparent to need explanation and the number of vigilantes too great to resist.

The outlaws made a hasty retreat, leaving behind only their colorful names to be recorded in later histories of the community.

# THE CALCULATING KILLER

EVENING, DAN !  
HAS CHET PRICE  
COME TO TOWN YET ?  
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO  
MEET HIM HERE !

EVENING,  
JEFF — AND WALT !  
NO, I HAVEN'T SEEN  
HIM ! IS IT SOMETHING  
IMPORTANT

SHERIFF'S  
OFFICE

I RECKON IT'S ABOUT  
THE RUSTLING, DAN...  
YOU KNOW NEARLY  
ALL OF US HAVE BEEN  
MISSING SOME STOCK !  
WALT AND I HAVE  
SOME SUSPICIONS...

AND CHET SAID  
HE WANTED US  
TO SEE SOME  
EVIDENCE HE'D  
TURNED UP !

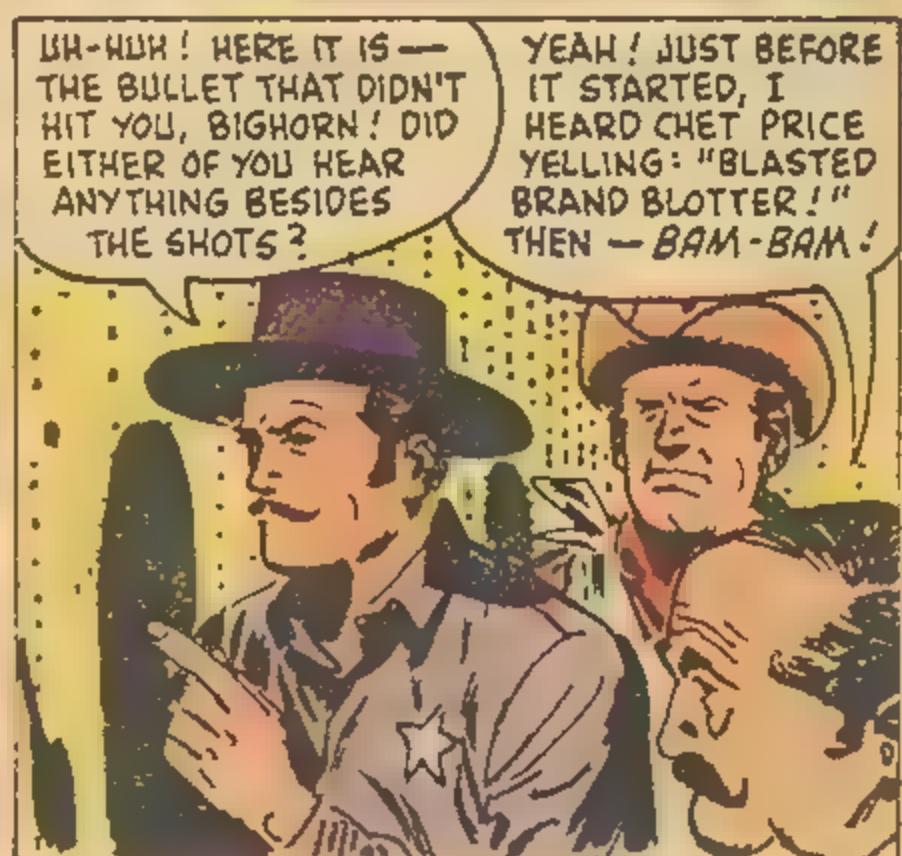
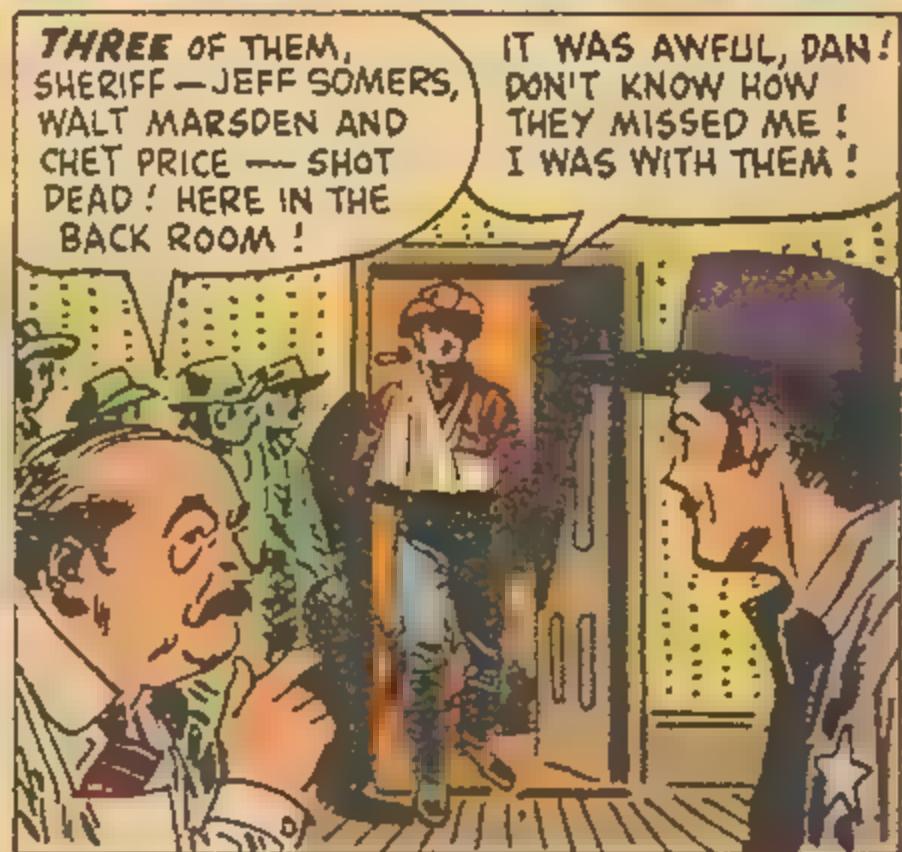
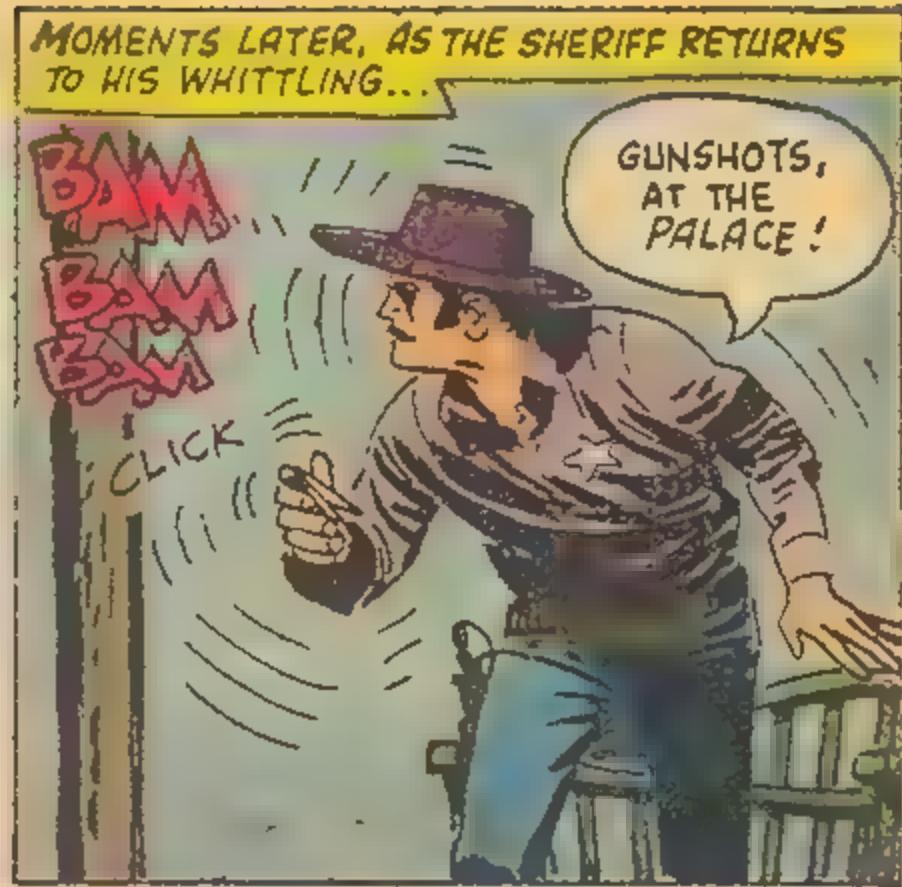
TELL HIM  
WE'LL BE AT  
THE PALACE  
HOTEL !

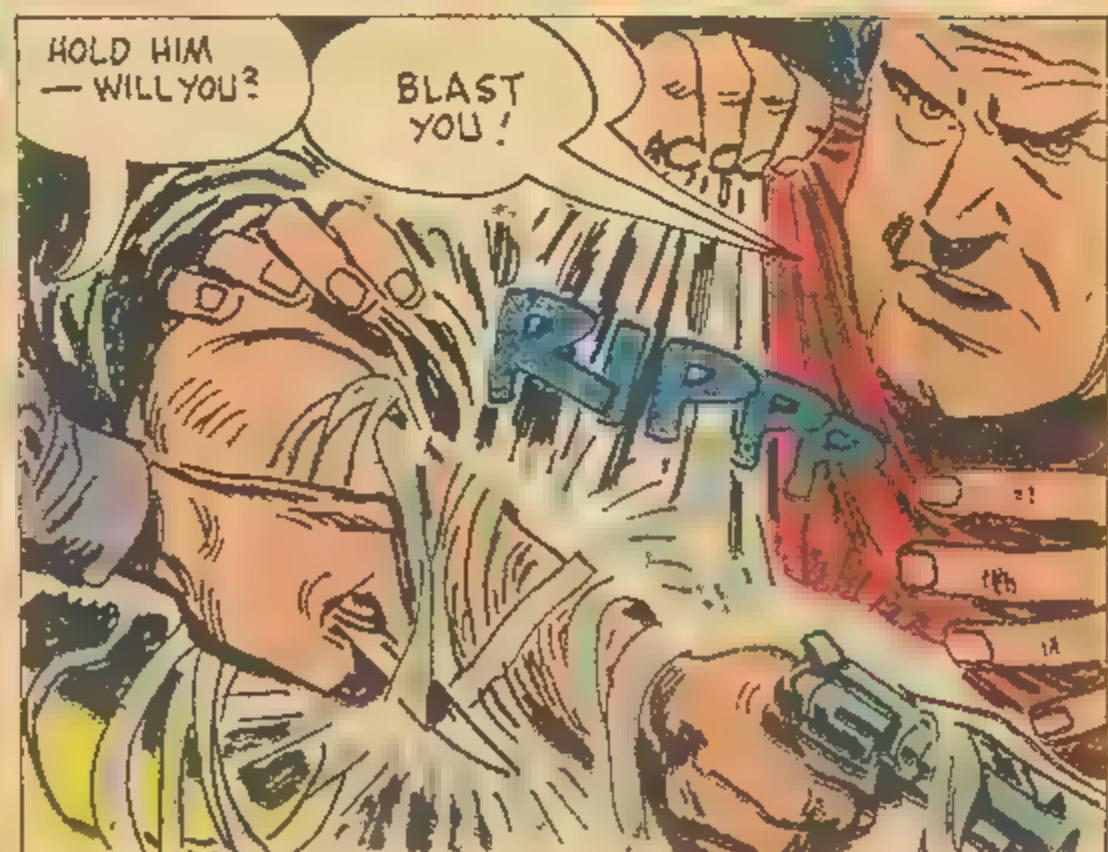
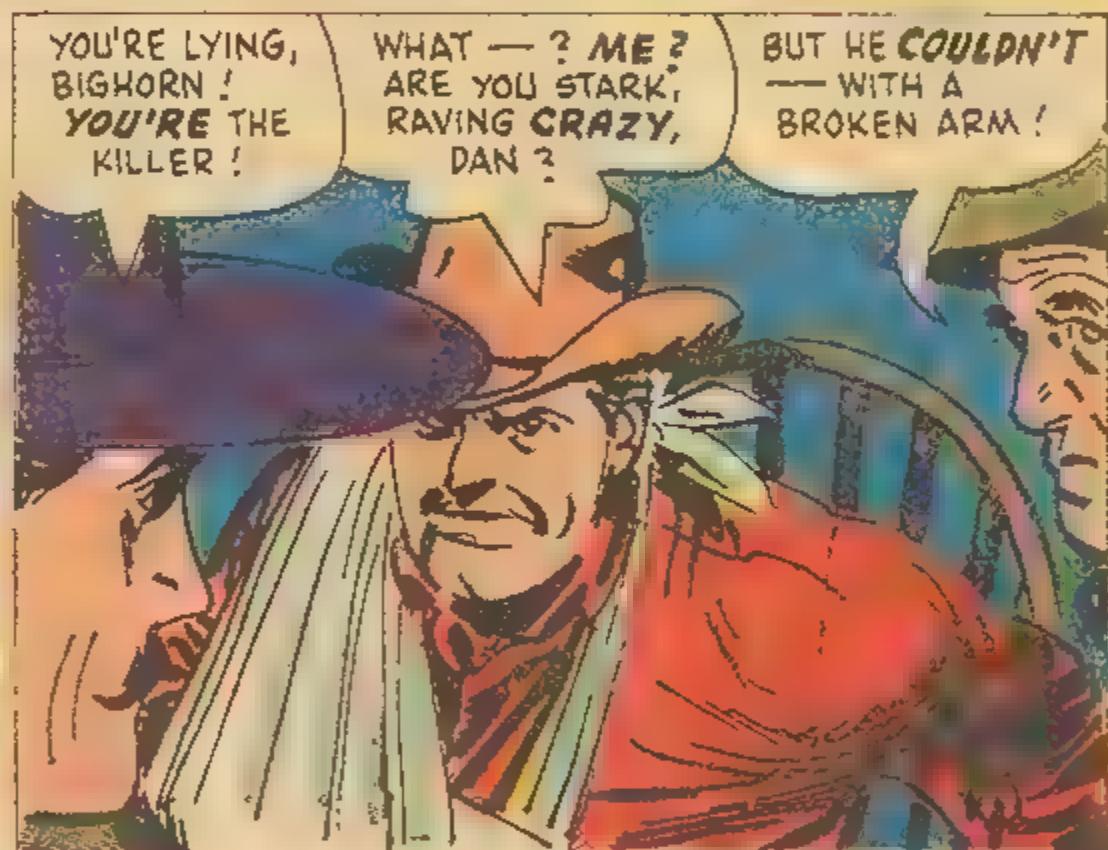
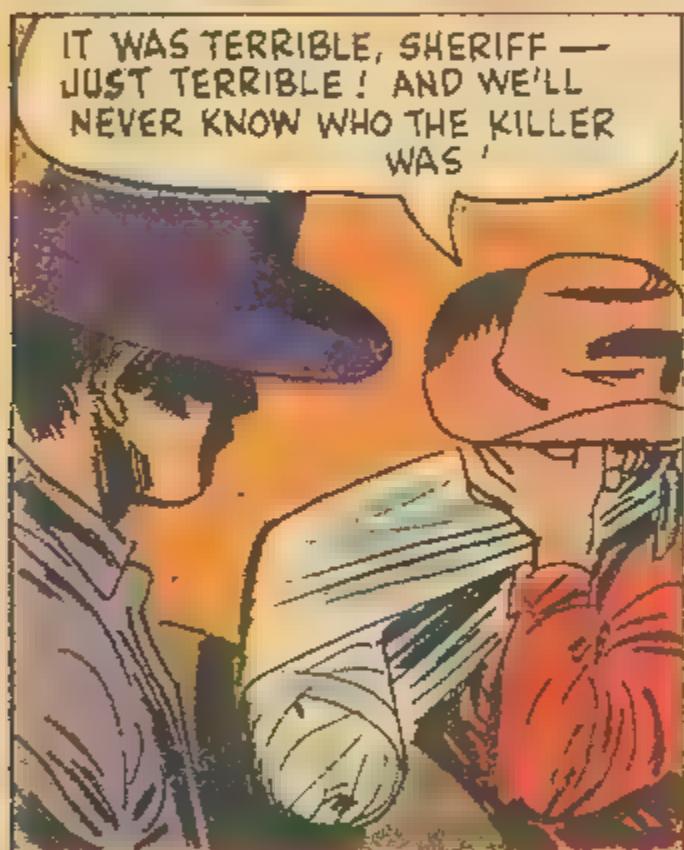
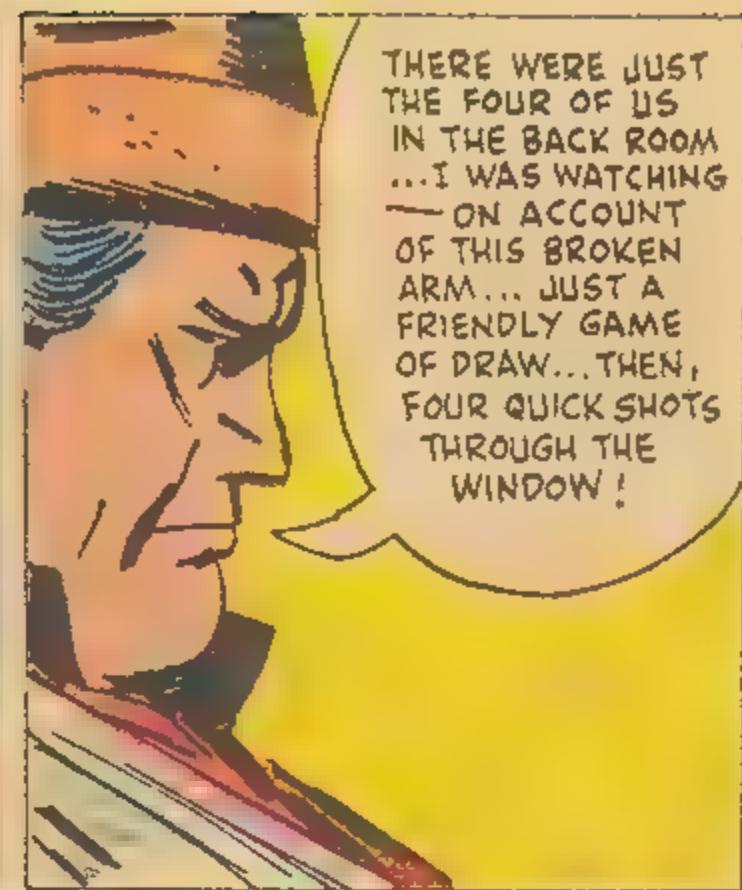
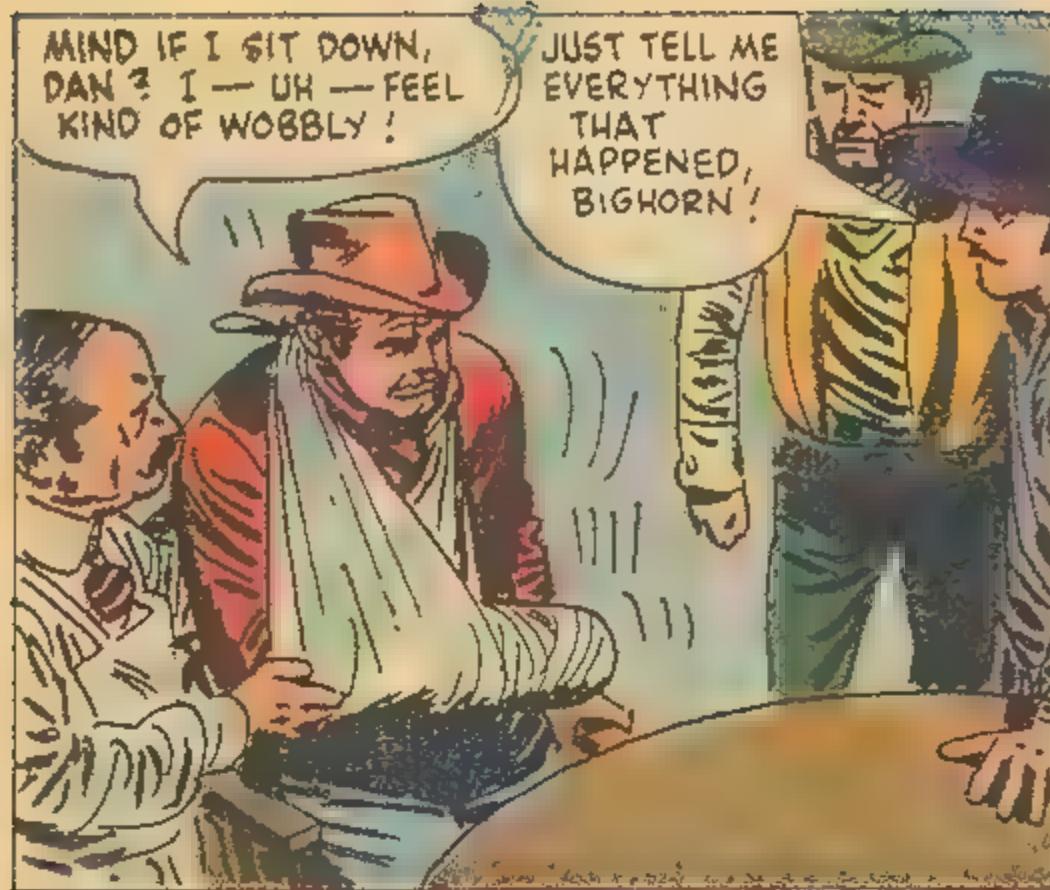
OKAY,  
BOYS !

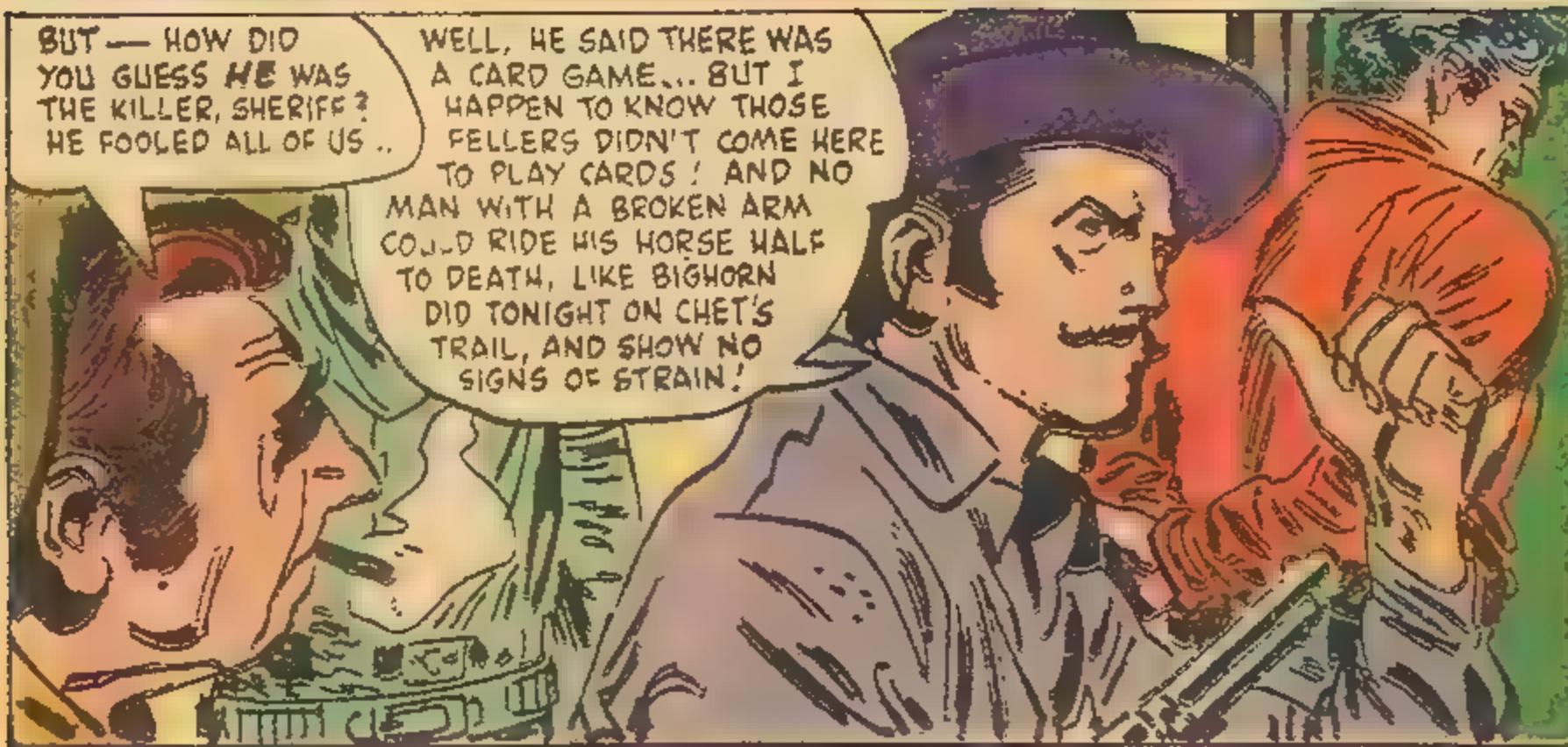
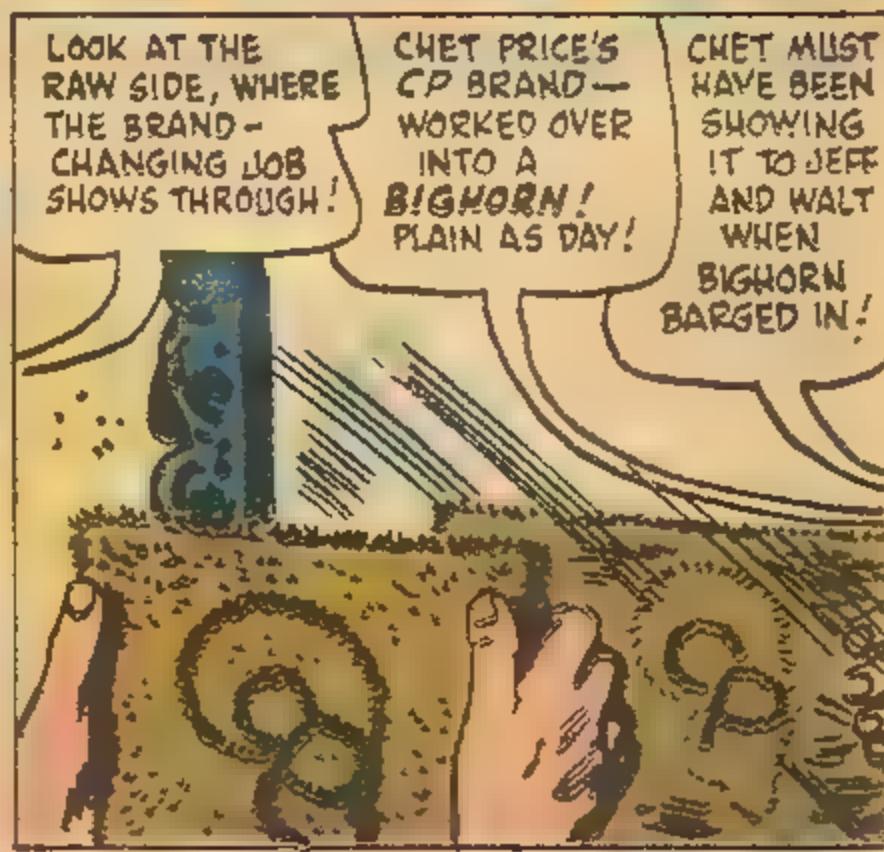
BEFORE LONG,  
CHET PRICE JOINS  
HIS GROUP, AND  
CLOSE BEHIND,  
STILL ANOTHER  
RANCHER RIDES  
INTO TOWN...

I'M LOOKING FOR  
PRICE, DAN... IS  
HE AROUND ?

YUP ! WENT TO THE "PALACE" !  
SAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO  
YOUR ARM, BIGHORN ?







# WAGON TRAIN RACE TO RAINBOW CREEK

IT IS EARLY MORNING AS THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES ACROSS THE MUDDY CREEK. ONE YOUNG FELLOW SEEMS TO BE PAYING LITTLE ATTENTION TO MAJOR ADAMS' ORDERS...

KEEP IN LINE THERE!

HIYAH! GIT ON THERE!

HEY!

GIDDAP,  
YOU  
ORNERY  
CRITTERS!

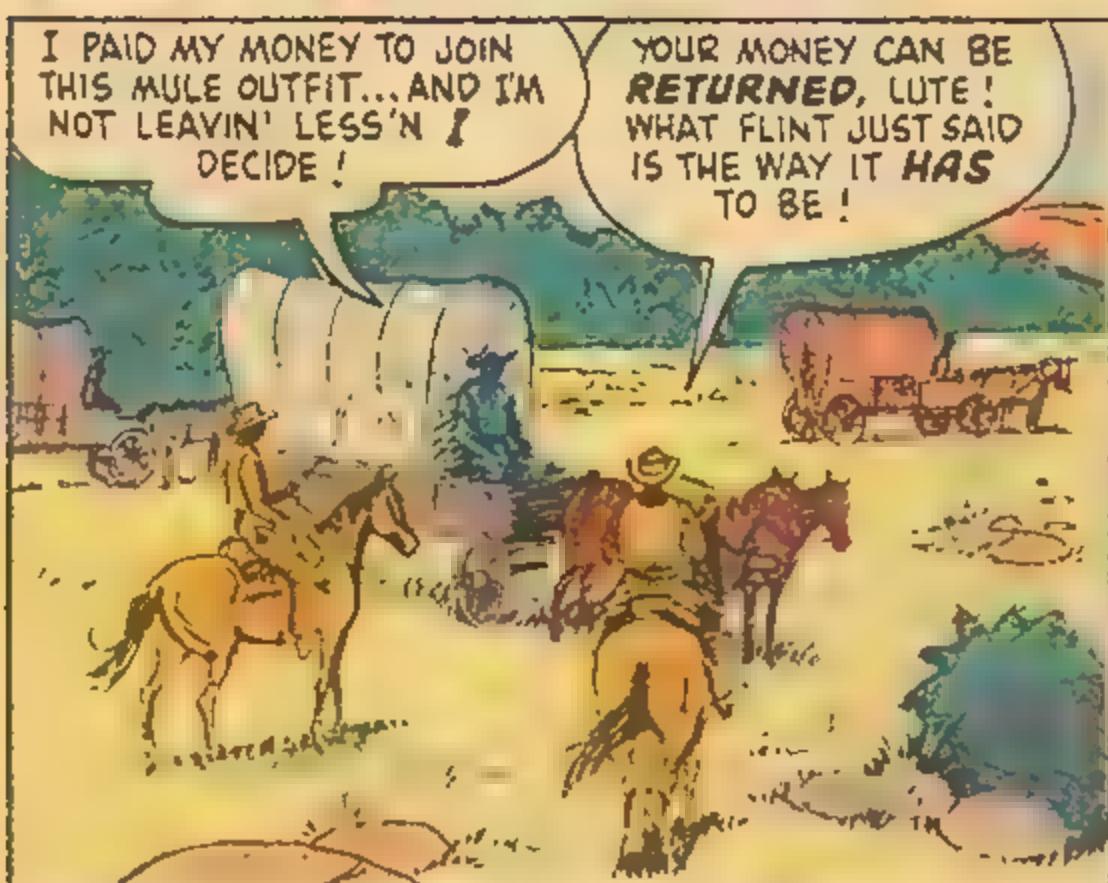
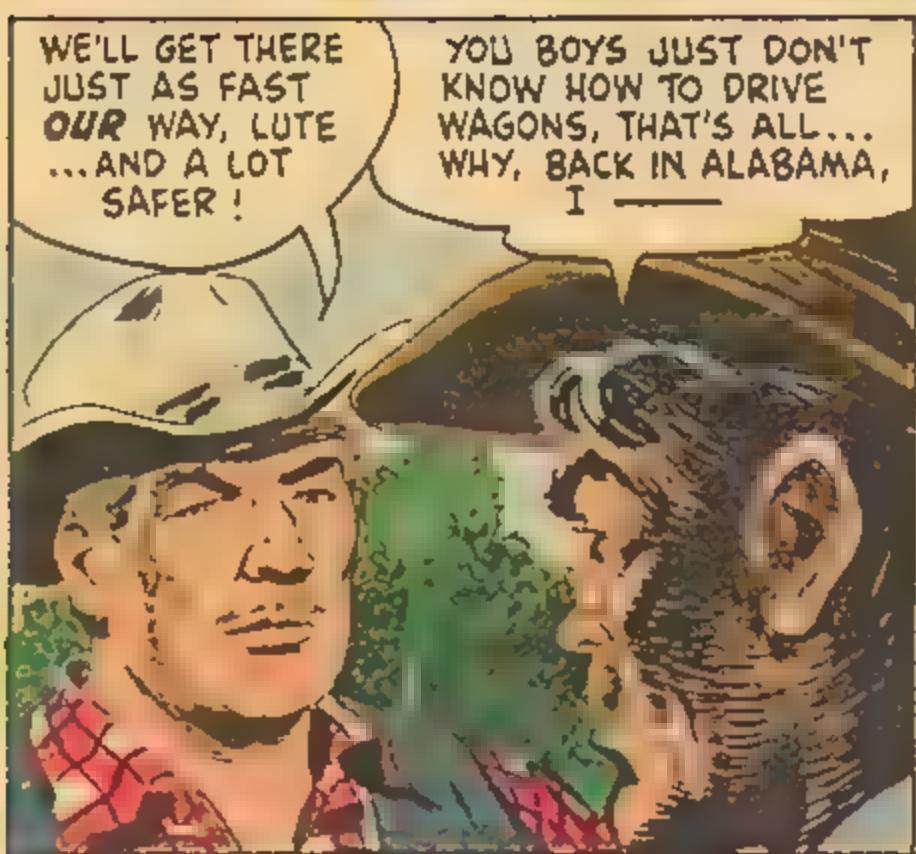
HOLD UP, BRAGAN! YOU  
WERE TOLD TO STAY IN  
LINE!

NOW LOOKEE HERE,  
INJUN SCOUT. LUTE  
BRAGAN TAKES  
ORDERS FROM  
NOBODY!

IF YOU WANT  
TO **STAY**  
WITH THIS  
WAGON TRAIN,  
YOU'LL START  
TAKING ORDERS!

I'M JUST TRYIN' TO GET A  
MOVE ON! THE WAY YOU'N THAT  
MAJOR RUN THINGS, WE'LL BE  
**OLD MEN** 'FORE WE GET TO  
CALIFORNIA! IF I WAS RUNNIN'  
THINGS, YOU'D SEE SOME **REAL**  
TRAVELIN'!

WE HAVE A LOT OF  
PEOPLE TO WORRY  
ABOUT, BRAGAN...  
WOMAN AND CHILDREN  
...THIS IS A CROSS-  
COUNTRY MOVE —  
NOT A **RACE**!



I JUST WISH HE'D TAKEN A POKE AT ME, MAJOR... I WOULD HAVE ENJOYED KNOCKING HIM INTO THAT RIVER !

EASY, FLINT... NO SENSE IN GETTING ALL UPSET OVER HIM! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS ALREADY!

THINGS GO SMOOTHLY FOR ANOTHER DAY, AND THEN...

WHAT'S GOIN' ON YANKEE ? THIS IS NO TIME TO BE STOPPIN' FOR RELAXIN' !

THOUGHT I HAD A LOOSE WHEEL...

WHEEL ISN'T THE HALF OF IT, BOY... THAT WHOLE RIG OF YOURS IS LOOSE !

IT IS NOT ! IT'S SOLID AS YOURS !

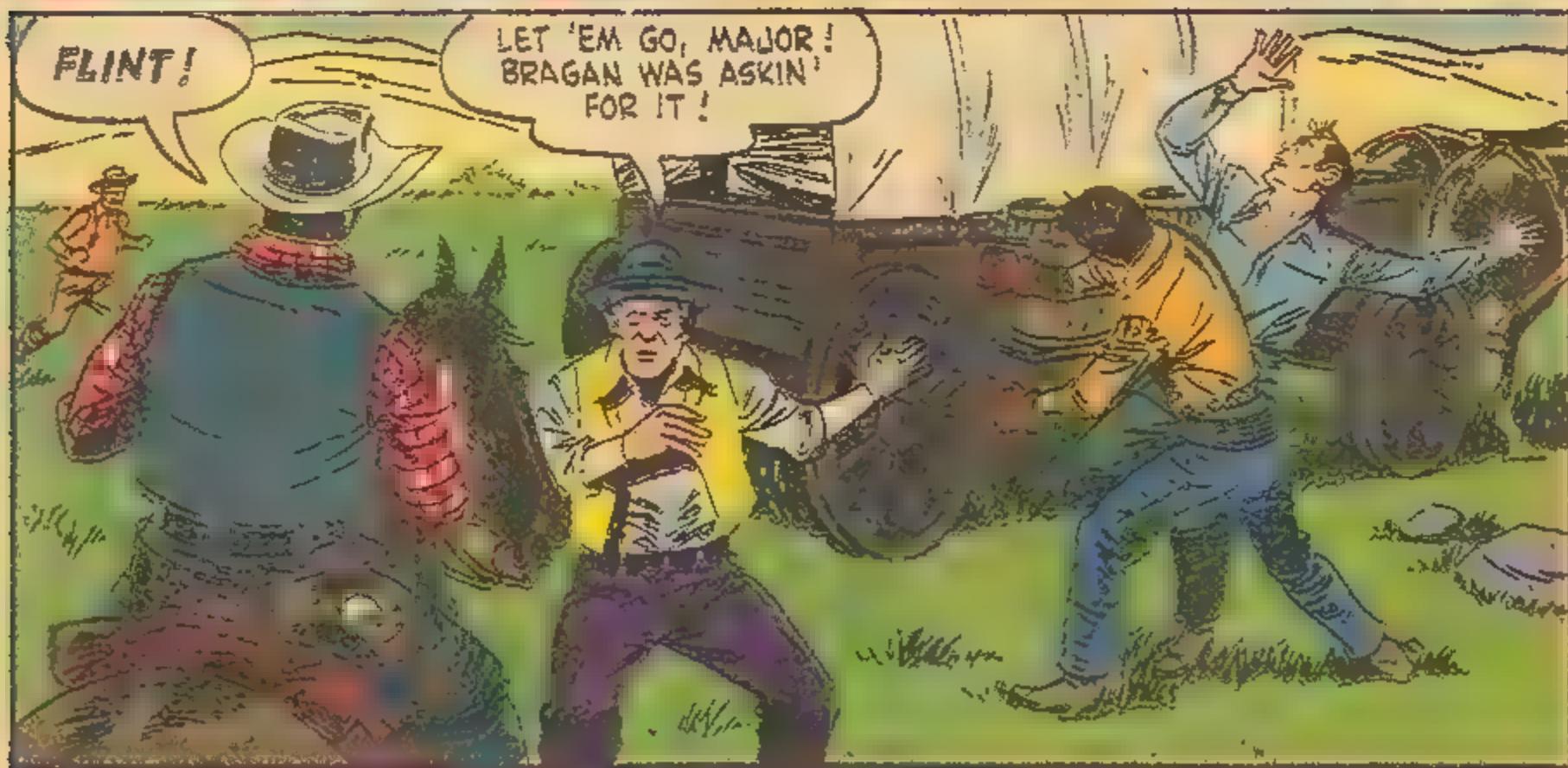
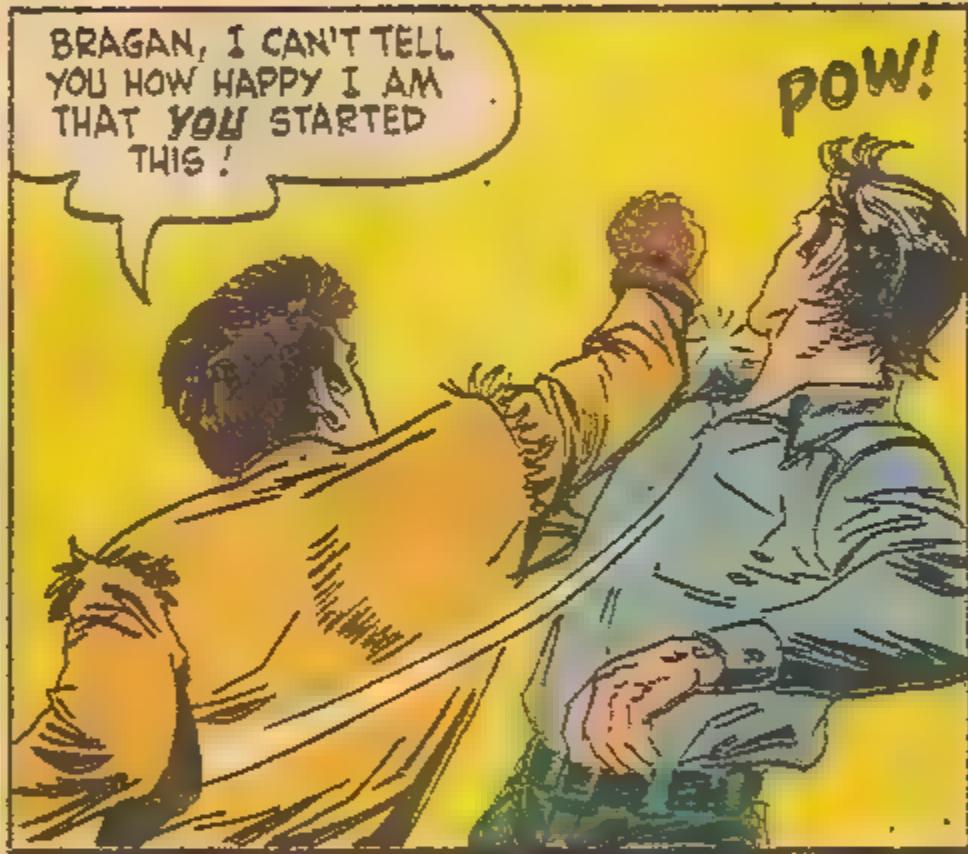
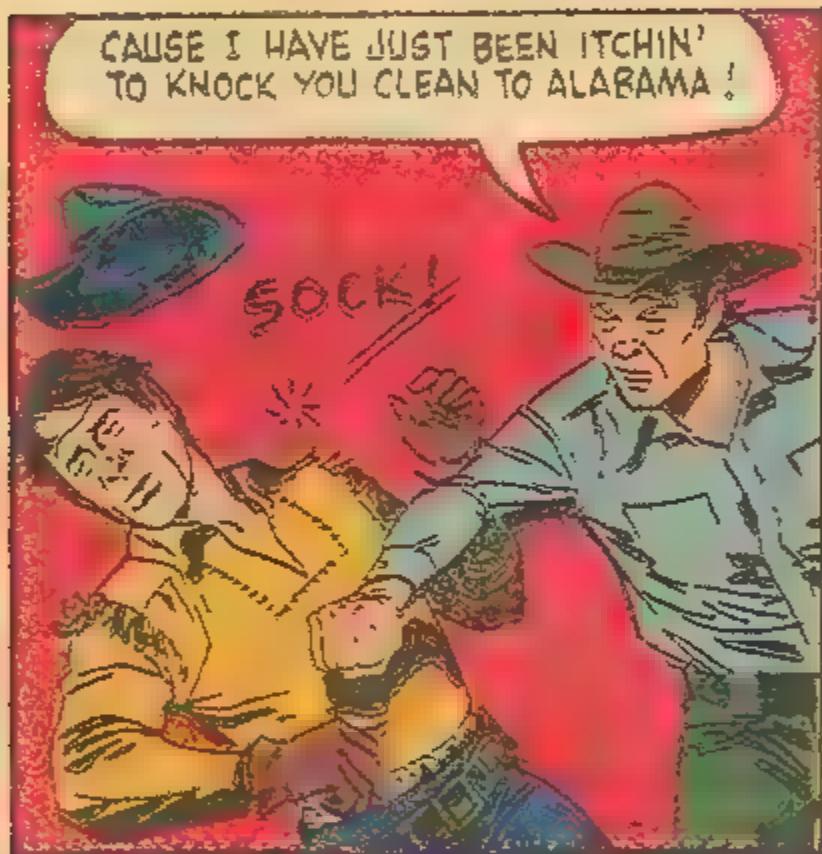
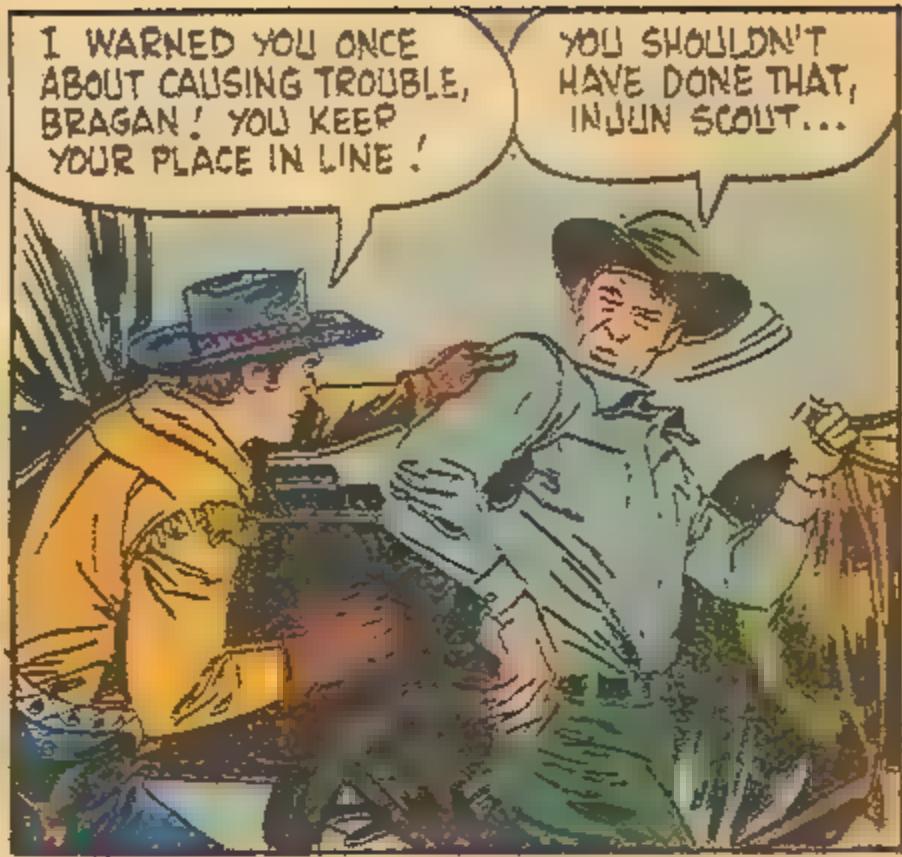
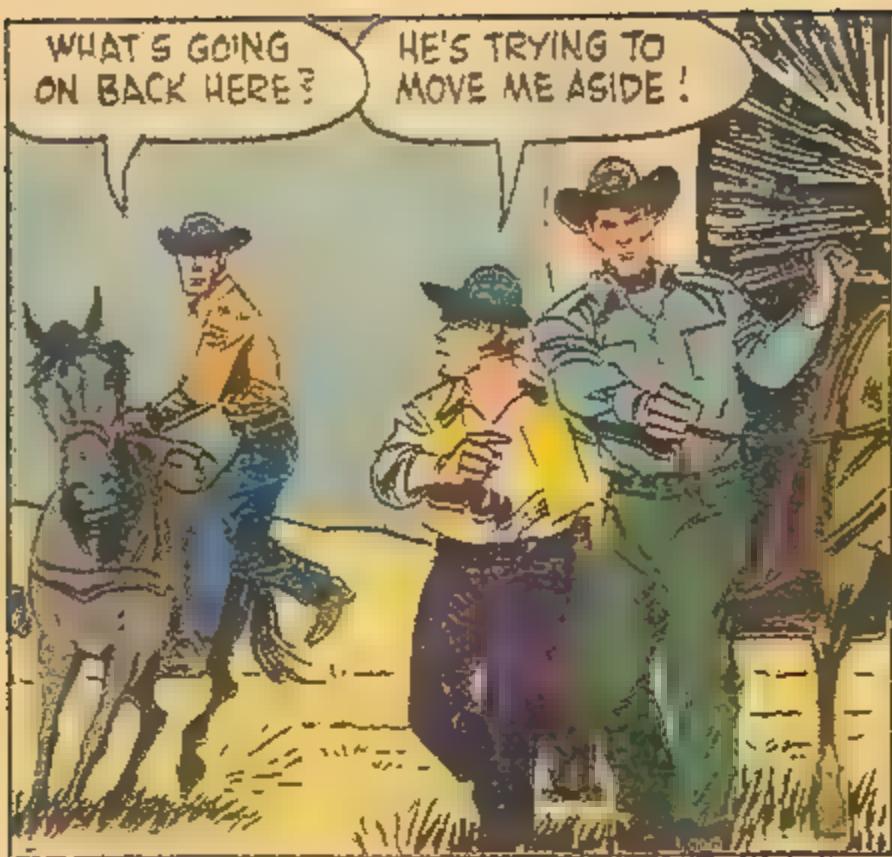
WHY, ANY FOOL CAN SEE THAT'S ABOUT THE MOST RICKETY OL' PILE OF JUNK EVER ROLLED ALONG A TRAIL ! LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'D GET THERE FASTER WALKIN' !

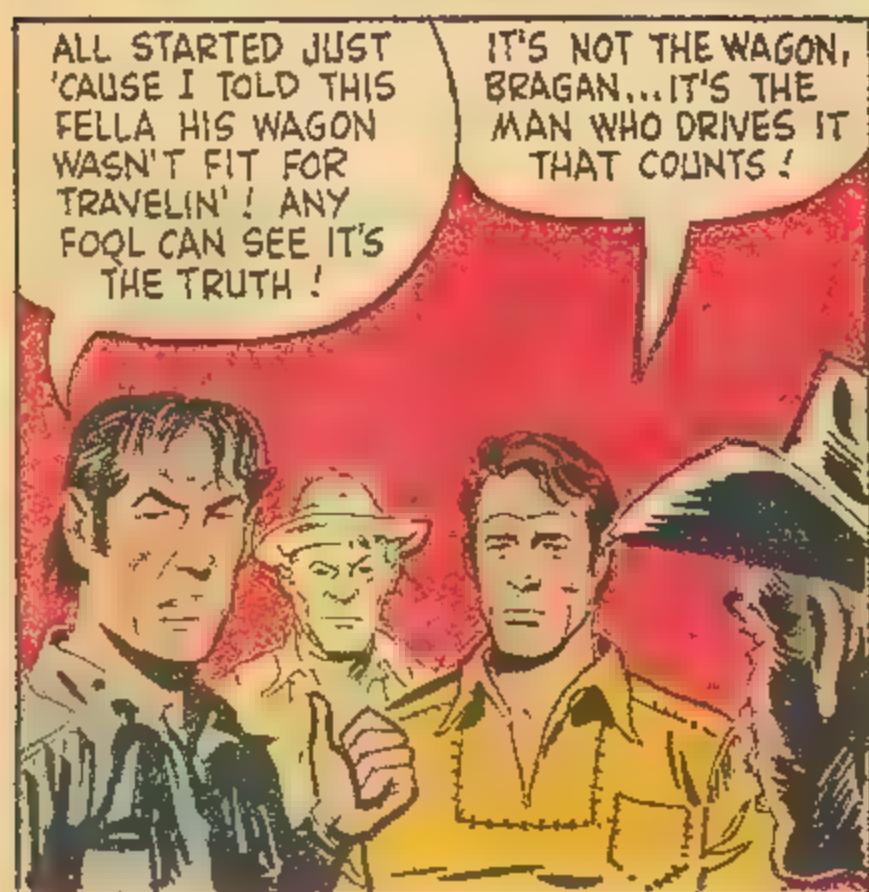
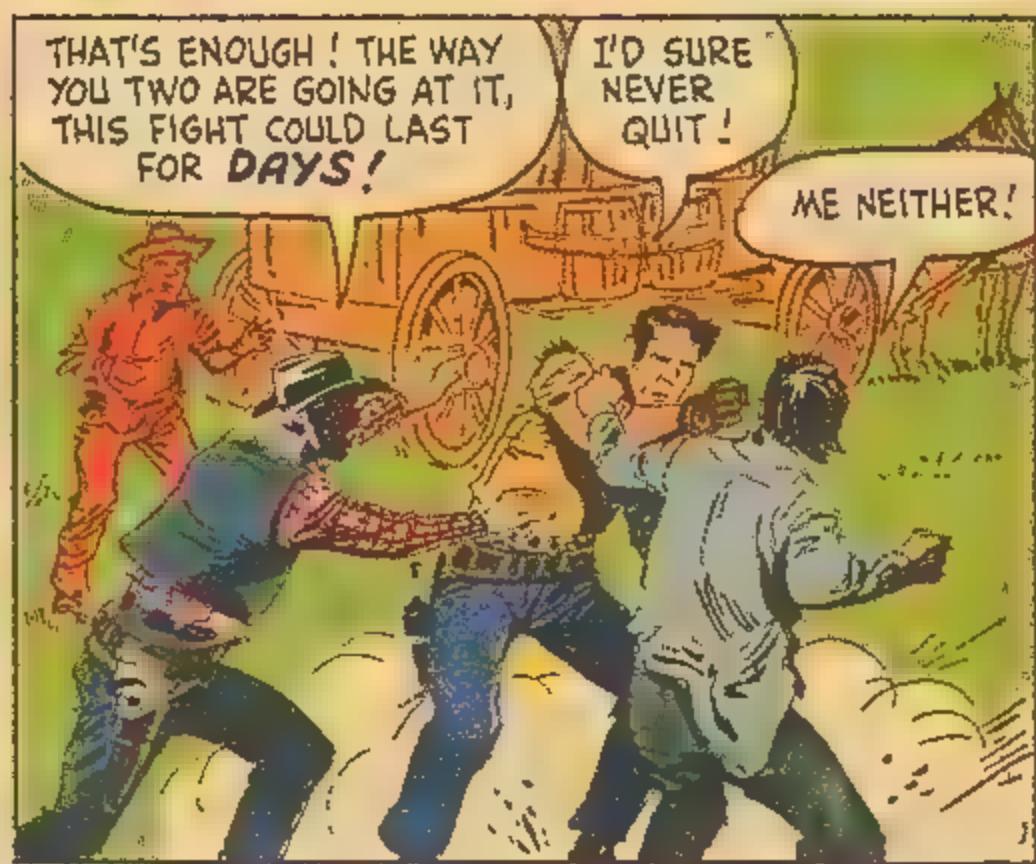
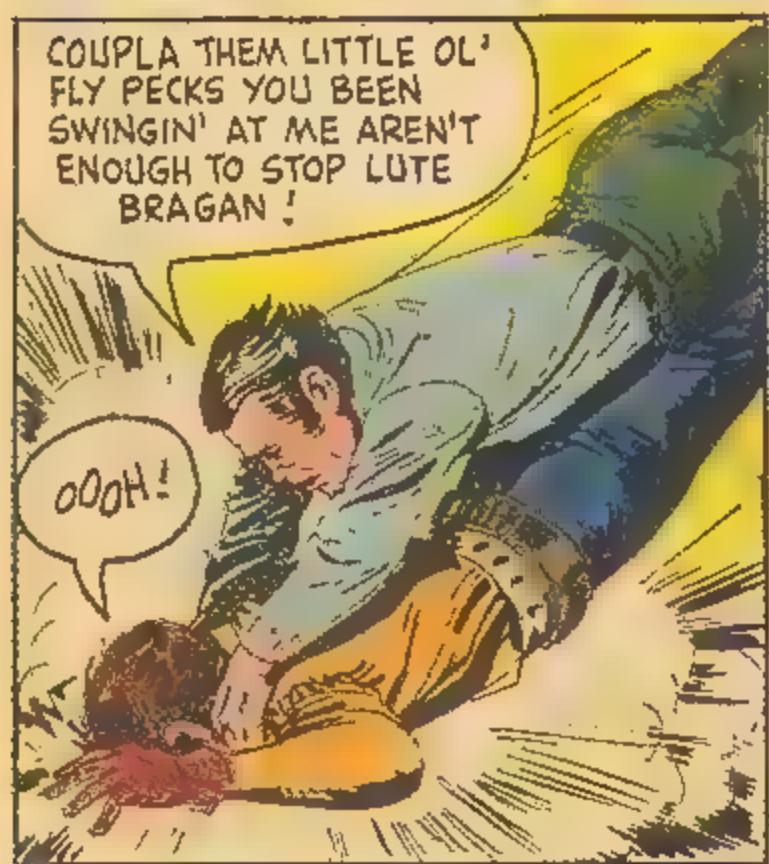
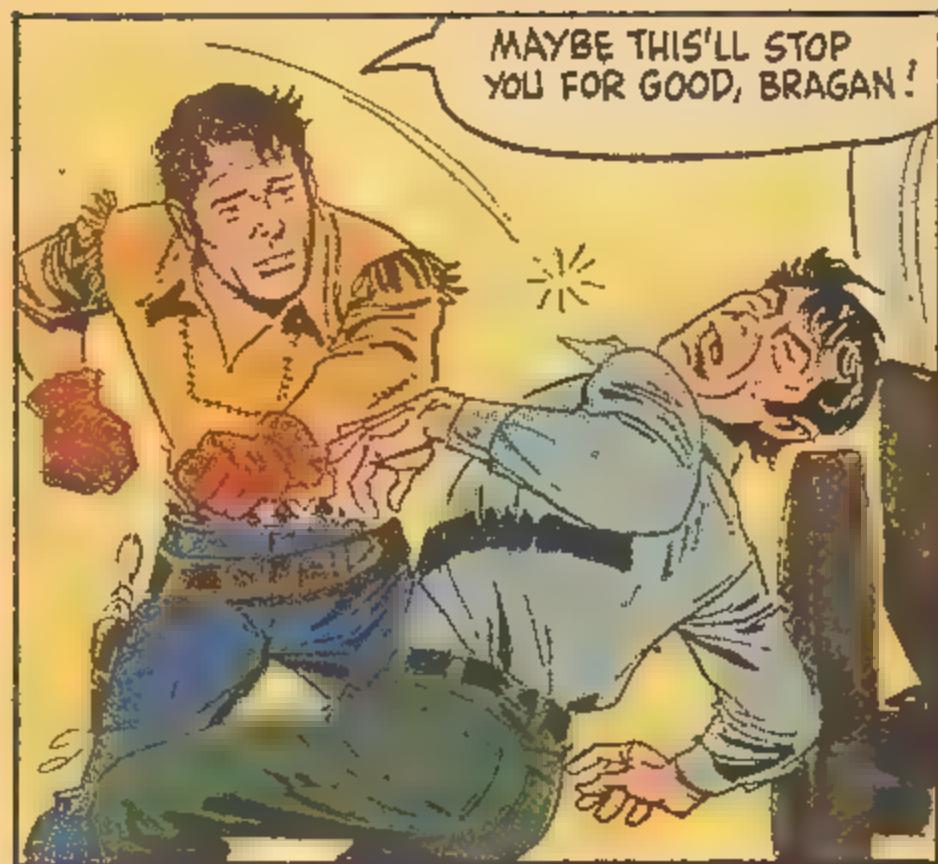
NOW S'POSE YOU MOVE THOSE ANIMALS ASIDE AND LET A **REAL** WAGON PAST !

HEY ! LEGGO OF THOSE REINS !

GET AWAY FROM MY HORSES !

GIDDAP THERE !





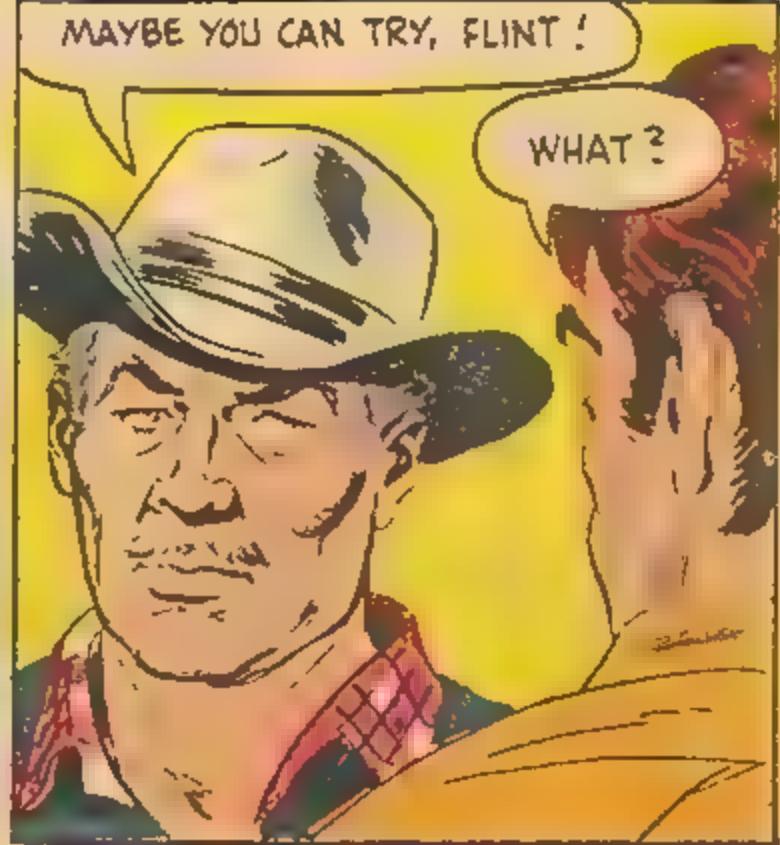
BOY, YOU GOT WAGON WHEELS FOR A **BRAIN** ! WHY, I COULD TAKE MY WAGON AND LEAVE YOU SO FAR BEHIND YOU'D BE FOLLOWIN' MY DUST ALL THE WAY TO CALIFORNIA ...IF I **WANTED** TO, THAT IS !

I'D SURE LIKE TO PROVE YOU WRONG, MISTER...



MAYBE YOU CAN TRY, FLINT !

WHAT ?



WE'LL HAVE A LOT LESS TROUBLE IF WE CAN SETTLE THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL ! RAINBOW CREEK IS JUST TEN MILES AHEAD...I THINK WE CAN DO WITHOUT A SCOUT FOR THOSE FEW MILES !

WHAT YOU GETTIN' AT, MAJOR ?



SUPPOSE FLINT TAKES SAM'S WAGON HERE... AND YOU TWO HAVE A RACE TO RAINBOW CREEK ! YOU DRIVE **YOUR** WAY...FLINT CAN DRIVE **HIS** !

BOY, THAT'S A JIM-DANDY IDEA ! I'LL SHOW THIS INJUN SCOUT HOW TO DRIVE A WAGON !

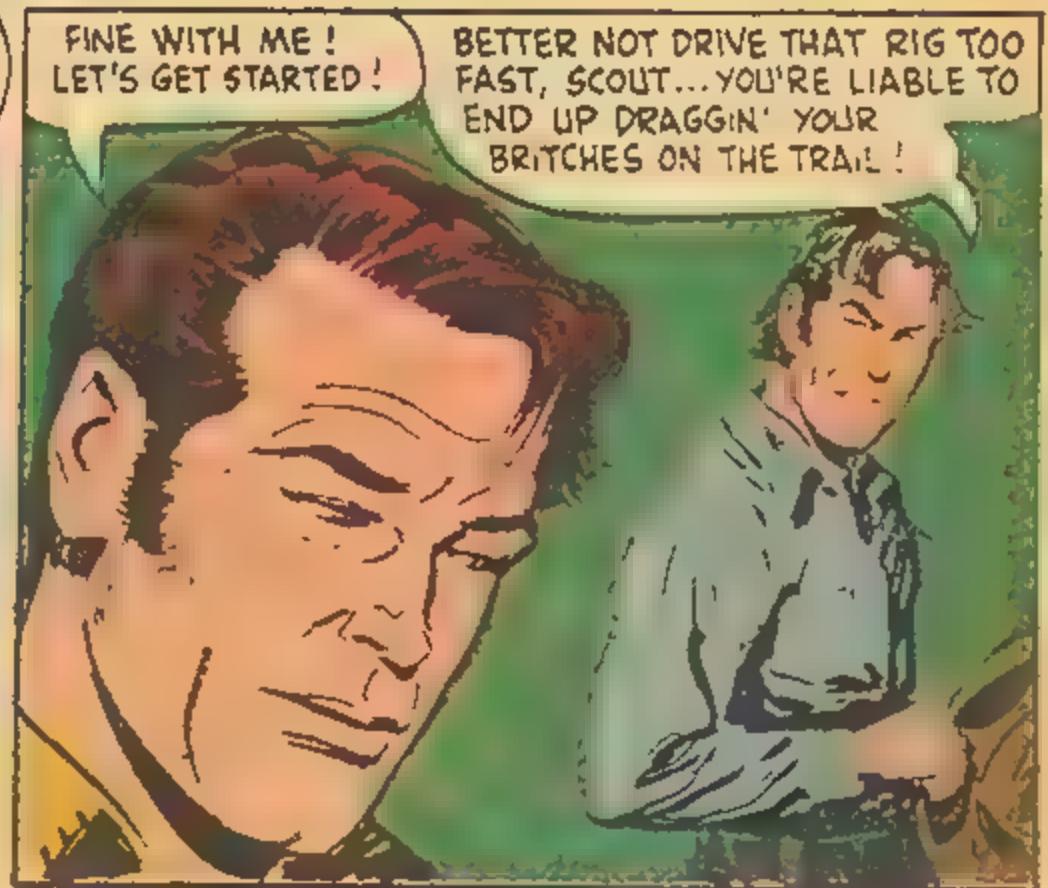
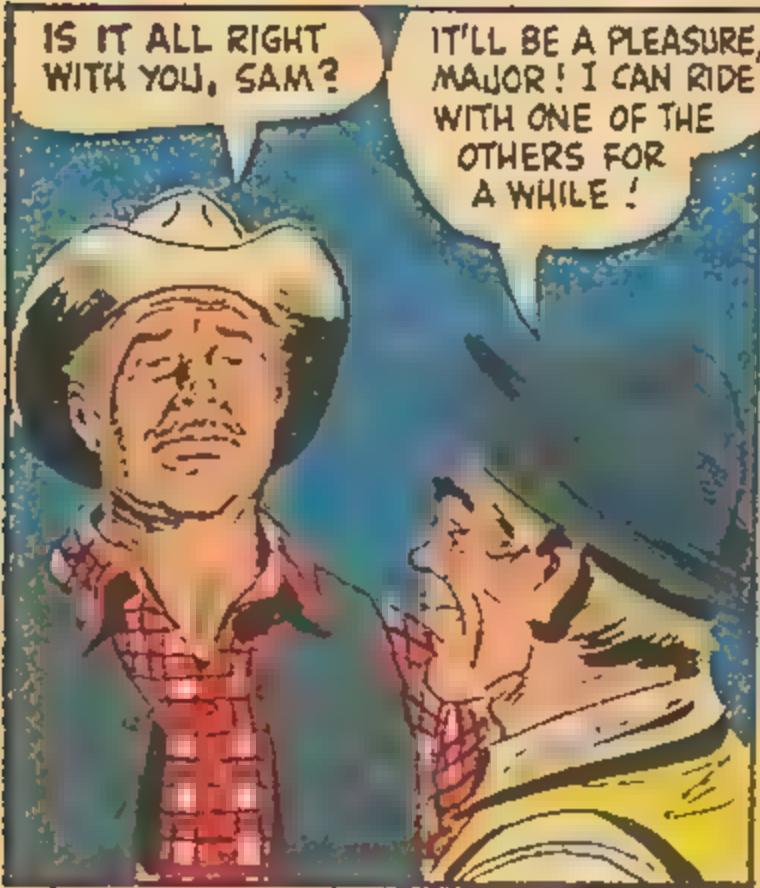


IS IT ALL RIGHT WITH YOU, SAM ?

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, MAJOR ! I CAN RIDE WITH ONE OF THE OTHERS FOR A WHILE !

FINE WITH ME ! LET'S GET STARTED !

BETTER NOT DRIVE THAT RIG TOO FAST, SCOUT... YOU'RE LIABLE TO END UP DRAGGIN' YOUR BRITCHES ON THE TRAIL !



I DON'T INTEND TO DRIVE FAST  
BRAGAN. THAT'S THE WHOLE  
POINT: I'LL SHOW YOU HOW  
TO GET THERE THE **RIGHT** WAY!  
SAFE... AND SURE!

YOU'LL BE  
EATIN' THOSE  
WORDS BOY!

I'LL FIRE THE STARTING  
SIGNAL! ... WHATEVER  
HAPPENS, WE'LL MEET  
YOU AT RAINBOW  
CREEK!

I'LL HAVE A GOOD CHANCE TO  
REST UP WAITIN' ON THE  
SCOUT HERE. PROBABLY TAKE  
HIM CLOSE TO TOMORROW 'FORE  
HE GETS THERE!

THE MAJOR FIRES A SIGNAL AND THE RACE IS ON...

GOOD LUCK,  
FLINT!

GIDDAP, YOU  
ALABAMA CRITTERS!  
LET'S MAKE DUST!

BLAM!

LUTE DRIVES HIS TEAM HARD...

YAHOOO! WE'RE  
LEAVIN' THAT OL'  
SCOUT SO FAR BEHIND  
HE'S CHOKIN'  
ON DUST!

CONFIDENT, FLINT DRIVES HIS WAGON EASILY...

TEN MILES OF TRAIL  
IS A LOT FARTHER  
THAN BRAGAN FIGURES  
... HE'LL HAVE THOSE  
HORSES WORN OUT BY  
THE TIME HE REACHES  
THE HALF-WAY POINT!

A FEW MILES ALONG THE TRAIL, LUTE REACHES A STREAM.

GIT ON IN THERE,  
HOSSES !

SPLASH !

SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE WHEELS JAMS  
BETWEEN SOME ROCKS ..

CRUNCH !

COME ON, YOU CONSARN  
MULES ! LET'S PUT  
SOME BACKBONE  
INTO IT !

ALL TOGETHER NOW,  
HOSSES ! ONE —  
TWO —  
THREE ... HEAVE !

CONSARN IT... THAT INJUN  
SCOUT'S CATCHIN' UP WITH  
US ALREADY !

FLINT CROSSES DOWNSTREAM THROUGH CALMER  
WATER...

STOPPING FOR A LITTLE SWIM,  
BRAGAN? YOU'RE NEVER GOING  
TO WIN A RACE THAT WAY!

AND SOON...

COME ON, HOSSES!  
THAT YANKEE CAN'T  
BE TOO FAR AHEAD!

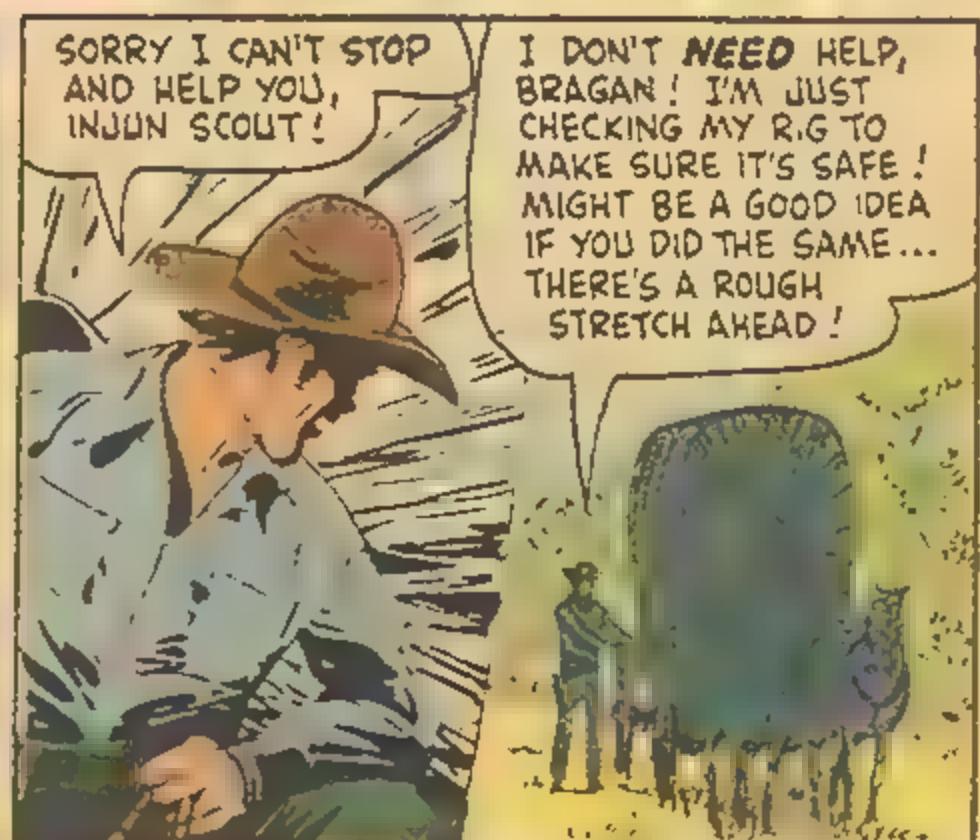


AN HOUR LATER, THE SITUATION  
IS REVERSED...

WELL, NOW... LOOKEE  
WHAT WE HAVE HERE!

SORRY I CAN'T STOP  
AND HELP YOU,  
INJUN SCOUT!

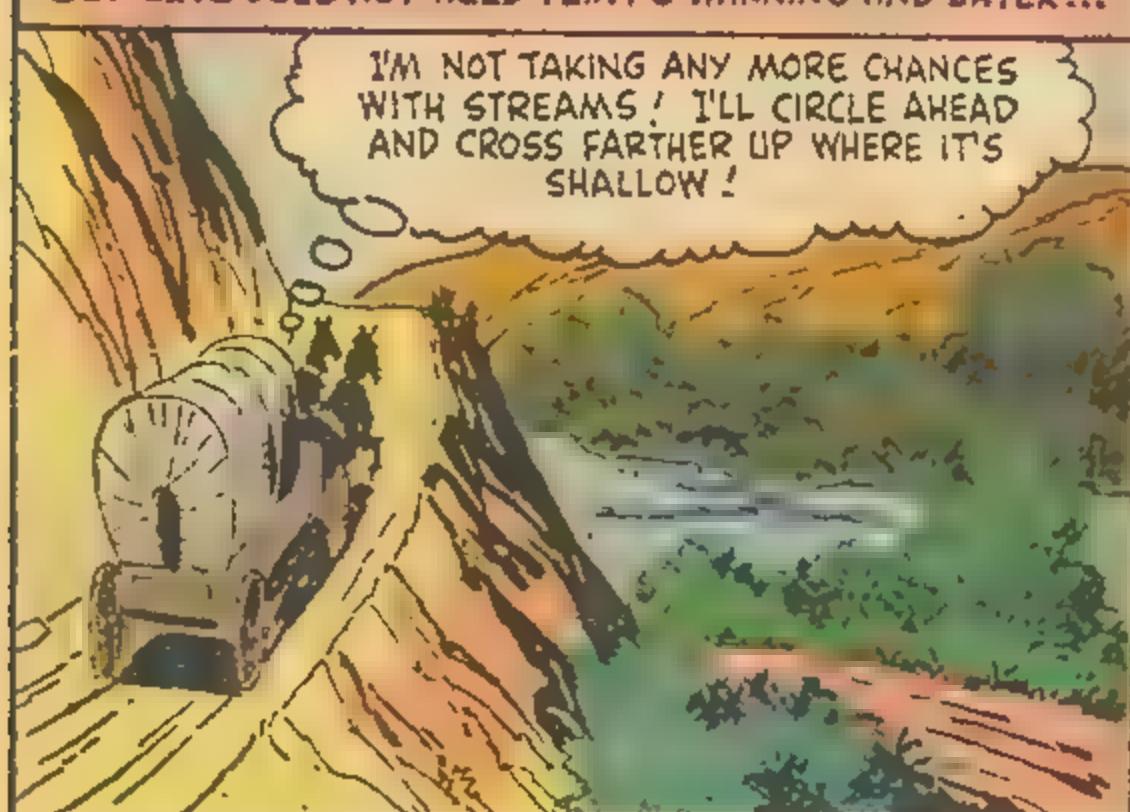
I DON'T NEED HELP,  
BRAGAN! I'M JUST  
CHECKING MY RIG TO  
MAKE SURE IT'S SAFE!  
MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA  
IF YOU DID THE SAME...  
THERE'S A ROUGH  
STRETCH AHEAD!

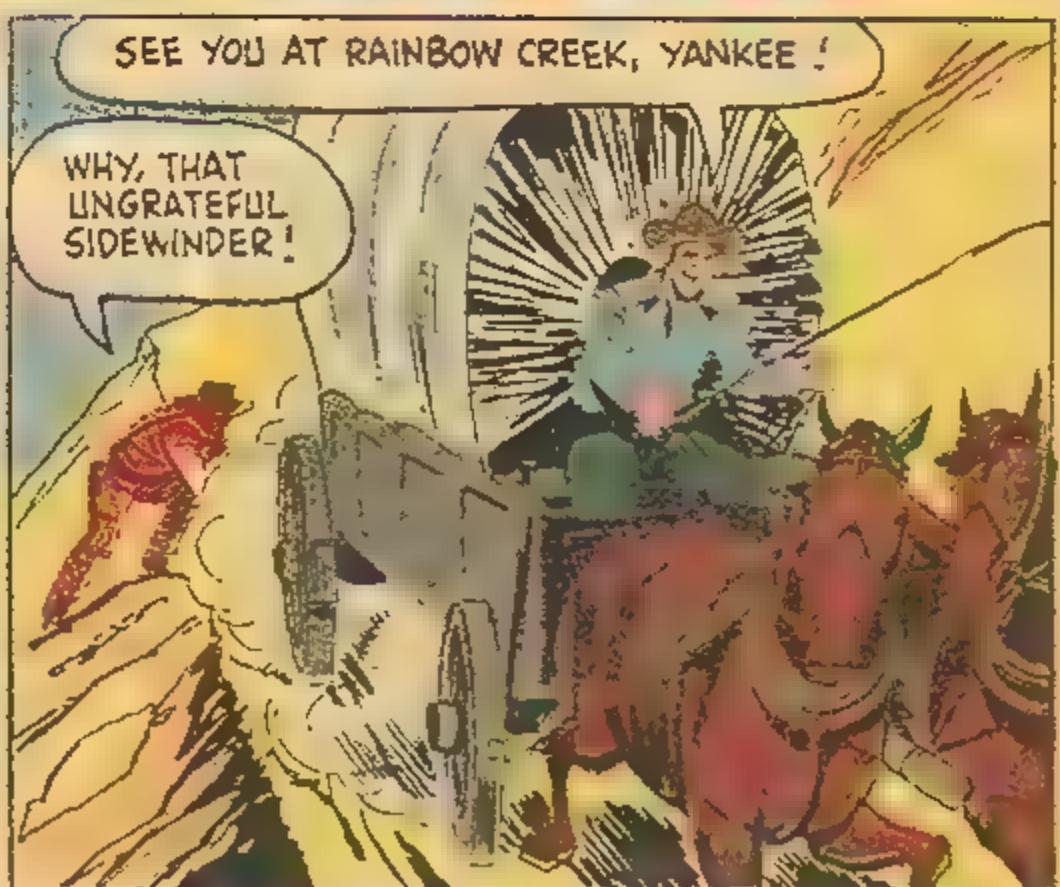
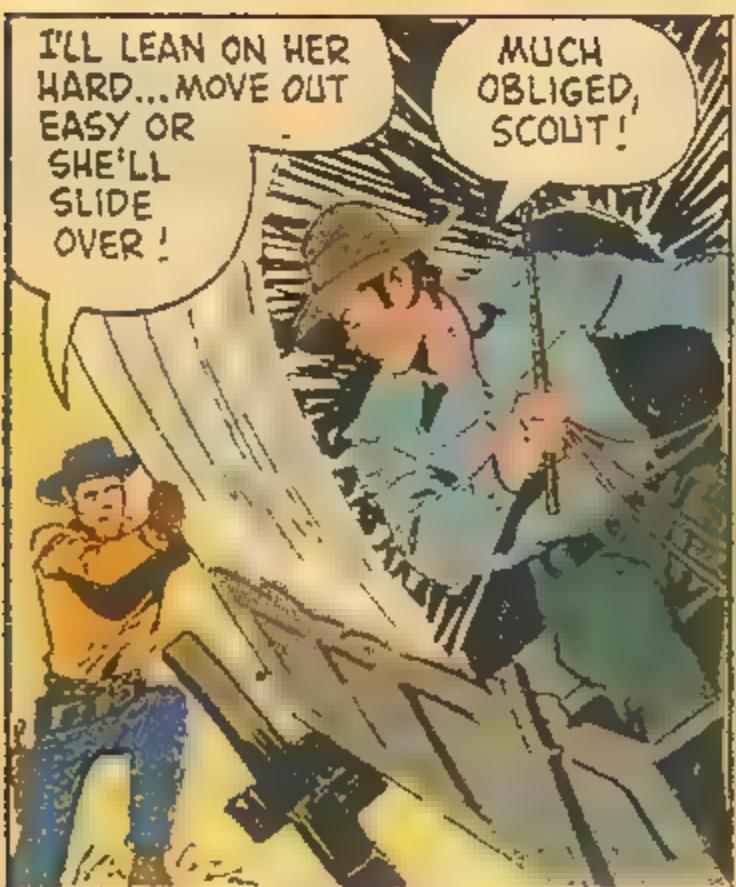
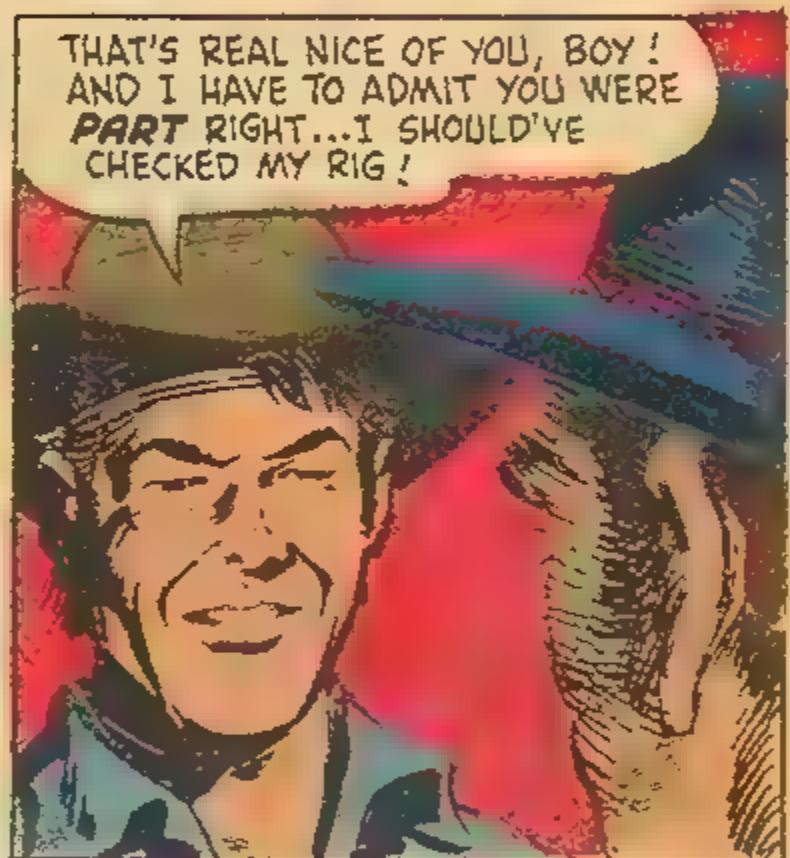
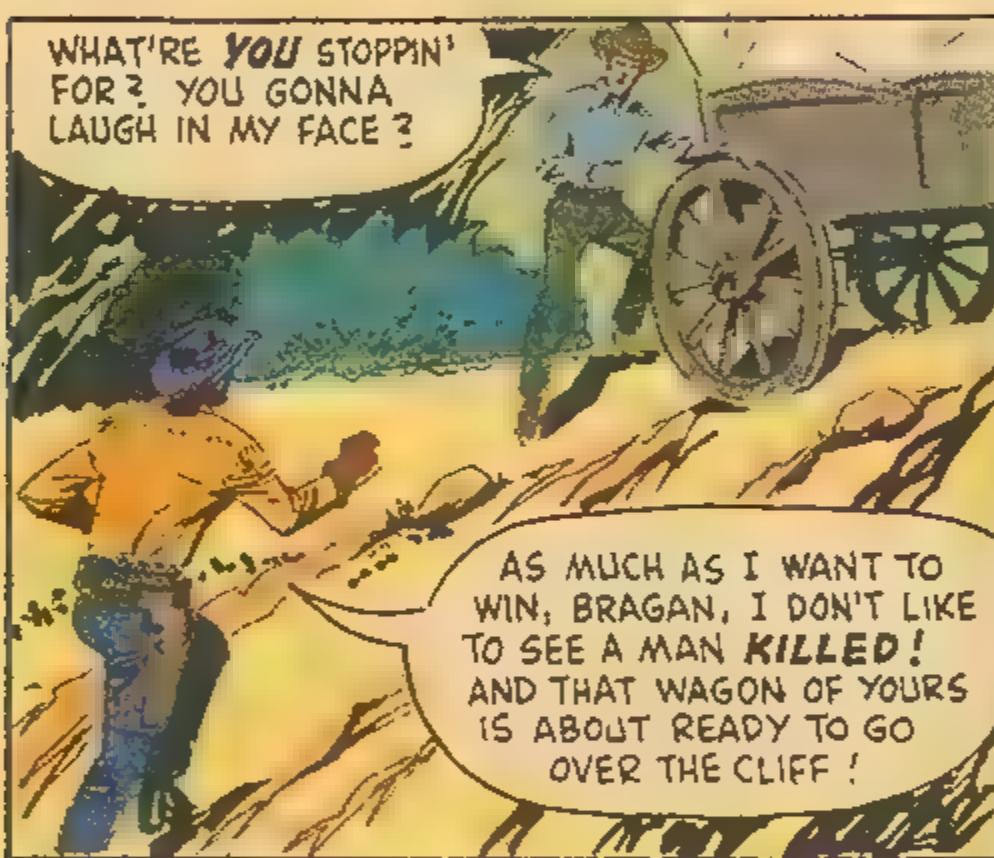
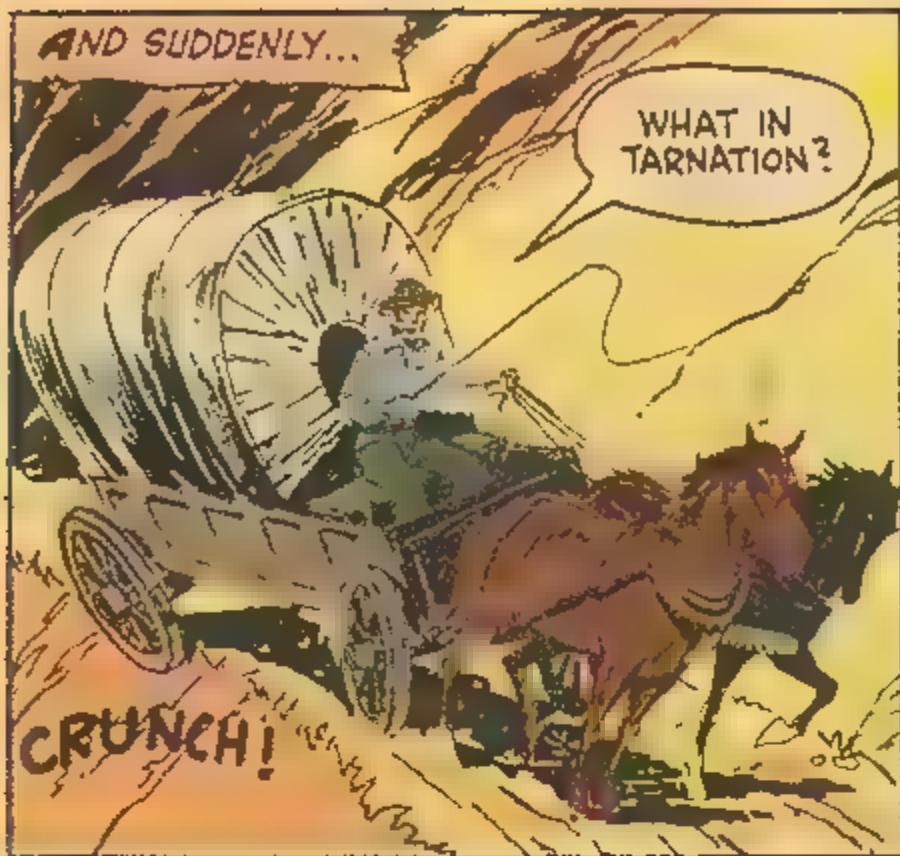


BUT LUTE DOES NOT HEED FLINT'S WARNING AND LATER...

I'M NOT TAKING ANY MORE CHANCES  
WITH STREAMS! I'LL CIRCLE AHEAD  
AND CROSS FARTHER UP WHERE IT'S  
SHALLOW!

HE MOVES ALONG THE RIDGE,  
UNAWARE THAT THE HARD  
DRIVING HAS LOOSENERED A  
WHEEL...





FLINT HURRIES BACK TO HIS WAGON AND BEFORE LONG ..

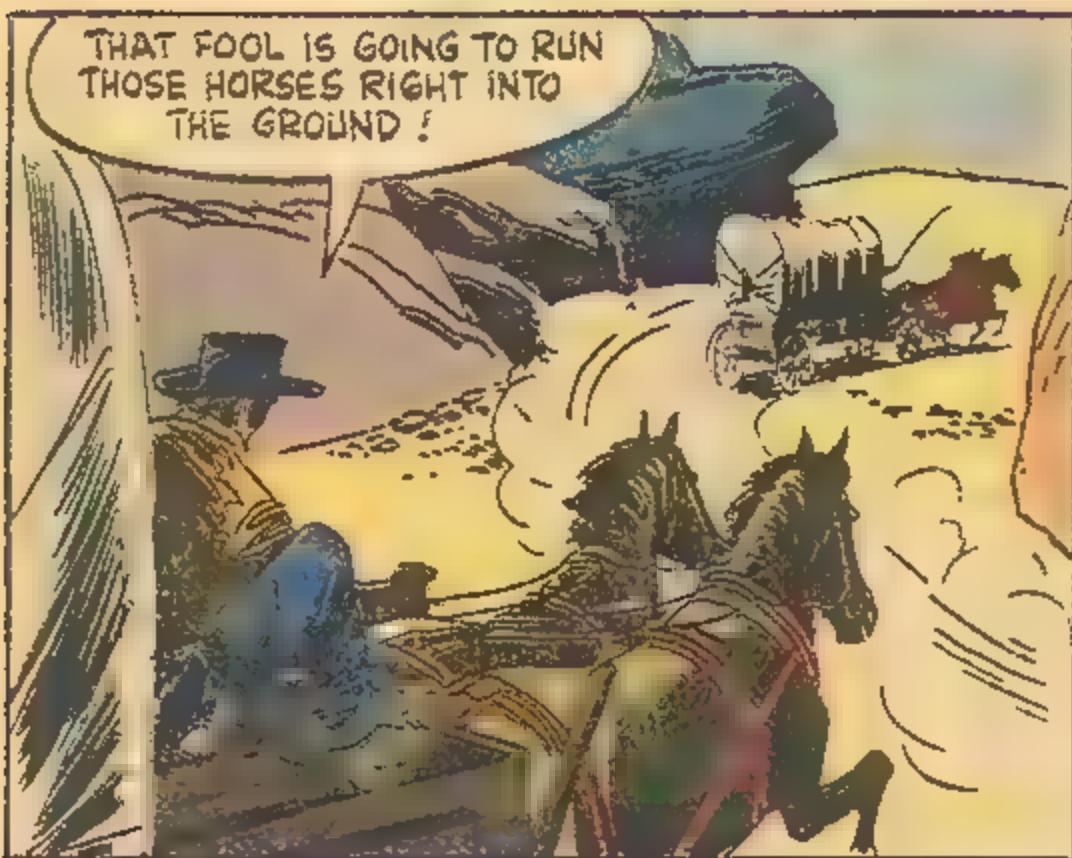
THAT CONSARN SCOUT'S STILL EVEN WITH ME ! COME ON, HOSSES, LET'S MAKE THE DUST FLY !

CRACK !



THAT FOOL IS GOING TO RUN THOSE HORSES RIGHT INTO THE GROUND !

GET GOIN', YOU CRITTERS ! DON'T SLOW DOWN NOW !



FINALLY, THE TIRED ANIMALS CAN GO NO FURTHER...

MEANWHILE, FLINT, DRIVING EASILY, SWINGS OFF ONTO THE LAST LEG OF THE TRAIL...

UGGGHH !  
CONSARN !

EASY DOES IT...NOT MUCH FARTHER TO GO !



AND AN HOUR LATER, THE RACE IS OVER...

IT IS ALMOST SUNDOWN WHEN THE WAGON TRAIN ARRIVES AT RAINBOW CREEK TO MAKE CAMP...

NOW THAT YOU FELLA'S HAVE COOLED OFF I'LL LET YOU AT THIS RAINBOW CREEK WATER! WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR FRIEND FROM ALABAMA?



OKAY, BOYS... LAUGH YOUR HEADS OFF! I GOT IT COMIN'! GOT TO ADMIT THAT YOU WERE RIGHT!

HORSES AND RIGS CAN ONLY BE PUSHED SO FAR... I'M GLAD YOU LEARNED A LESSON, BRAGAN... MAYBE NOW WE CAN BE FRIENDS!



SURE, YANKEE... AND FROM NOW ON IF I OPEN MY COTTEN-PICKIN' ALABAMA MOUTH, YOU GOT MY PERMISSION TO PUT YOUR FIST IN IT!

HALLELUJAH!



# ALMANACS... OLD AND NEW

COPYRIGHT 1950, BY WESTERN PRINTING & LITHO. CO.



Almanacs are known to have been in use since ancient Roman times and are still popular today. Besides containing a calendar, they usually list the dates of holidays, feast days, birthdays of great men, important battles, and many other statistics.



Filled with fascinating facts about various subjects, including the planets and stars, phases of the moon, times of eclipses, and other phenomena, they are a great source of accurate general information.



This was not always the case, however. In the 18th century, almanacs were popular mainly for their many predictions, made by astrology, most of which were highly inaccurate. Nevertheless, the effect of the predictions, such as the end of the world by fire or flood, was often so disastrous on the population that, at times, the publishing of prophetic almanacs was banned.



*Poor Richard's Almanac*, published by Benjamin Franklin in 1732 to 1757, is the best known almanac produced in the United States. Besides the usual store of information, it contained advice and maxims, many of which are still in use. Today, most almanacs are published by newspapers, trades, and professions. An annual publication by the U. S. Navy Department is a detailed text book for the navigator and is found on all American vessels.



## A PLEDGE TO PARENTS

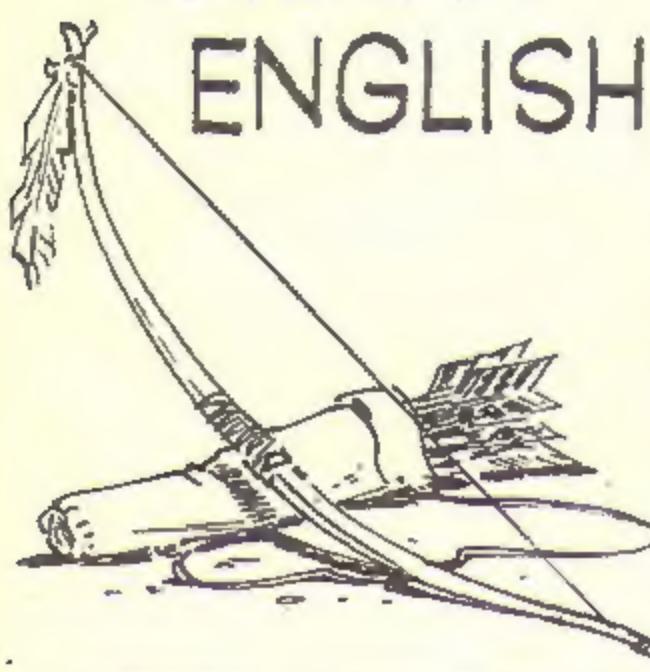


TO PARENTS

*The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.*

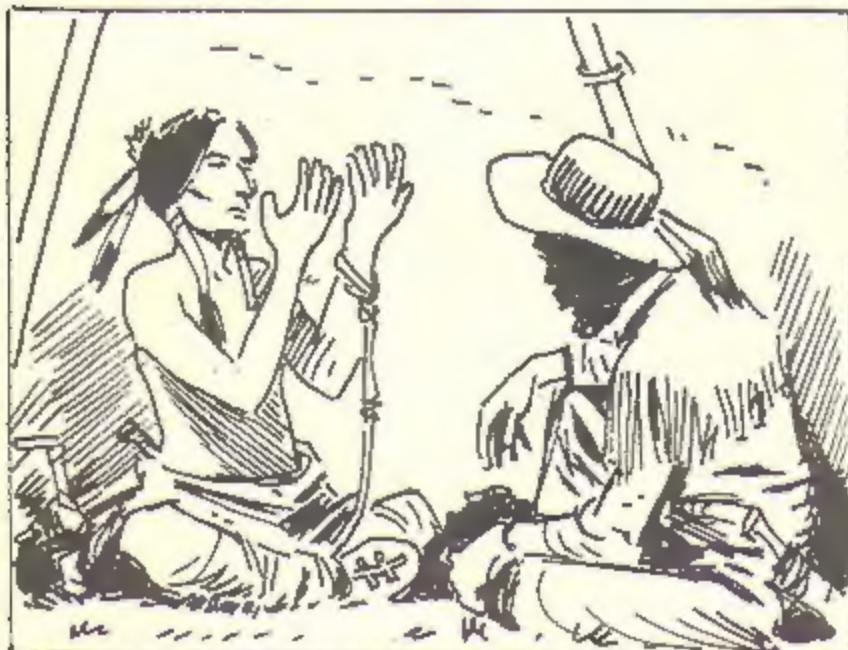
**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**

# INDIAN ENGLISH

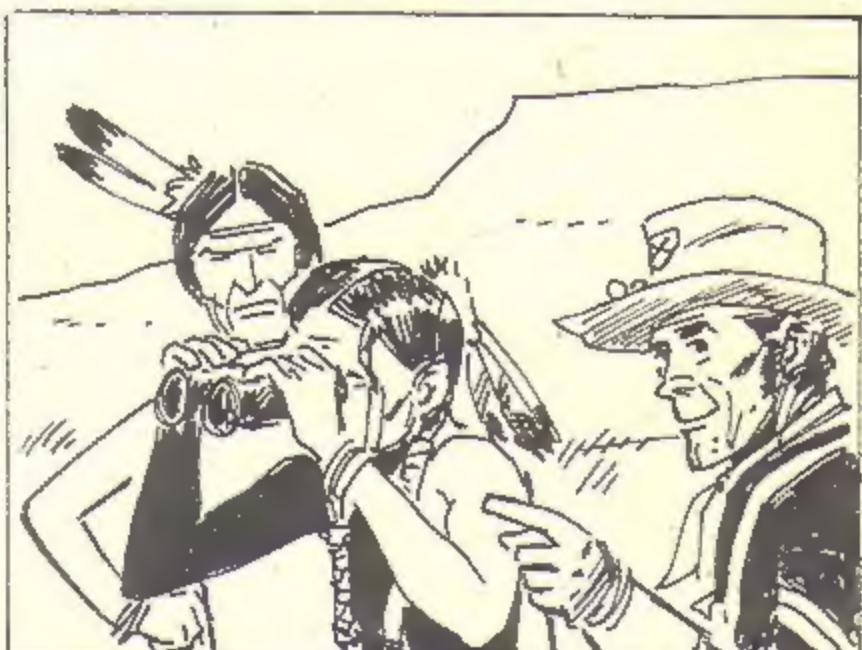



COPYRIGHT, 1960, BY WESTERN PRINTING & LITHO. CO.

The American Indian was fast in picking up the English language, but rather than use single words, he preferred to use phrases which colorfully described objects and actions. "Making wide apart tracks" depicted someone running.



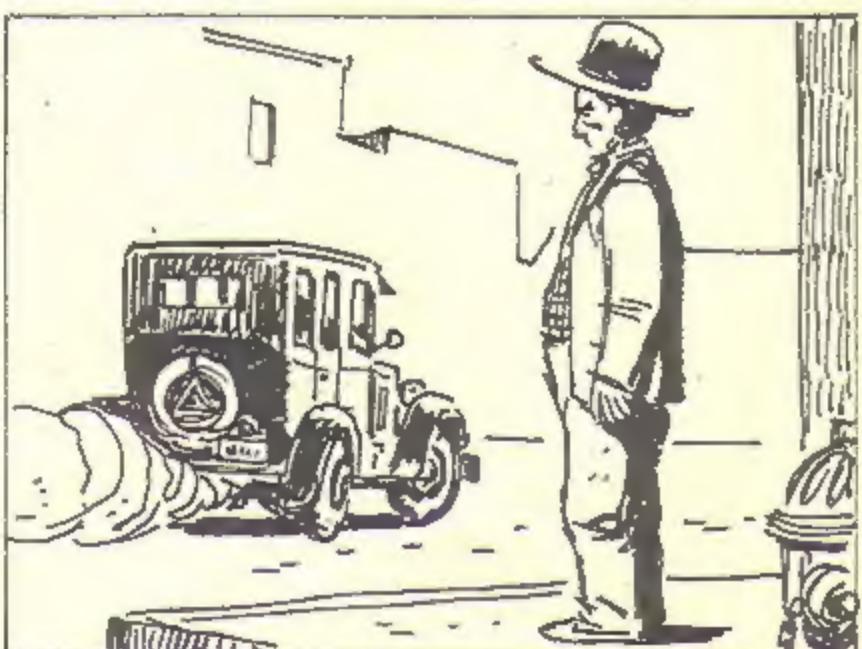
To explain a journey that took ten days and nights, the Indians would say it was "ten sleeps away," or if the exact distance was unknown, it was "many sleeps away."



The Indians were curious about the amazing field glasses which the soldiers used . . . and after looking through them, the braves decided they were "bring-em-close-glasses."

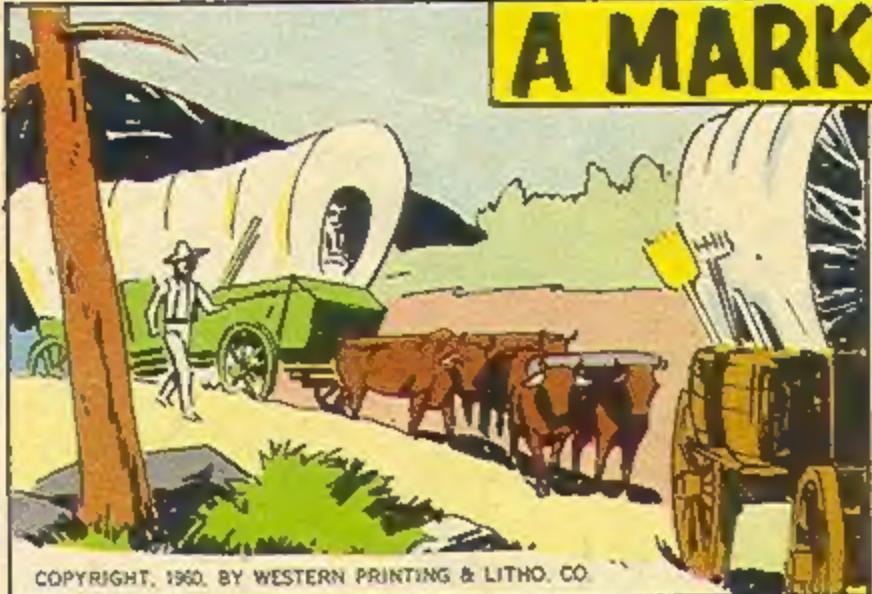


When the army issued a new rifle that would shoot twice as far as any gun that the Indians had seen before, they named it "shoot today—kill tomorrow gun."



Today, some older Indians use these terms. One Montana Indian was heard referring to an automobile as a "skunk wagon," showing his contempt for new inventions.

# A MARKED TRAIL

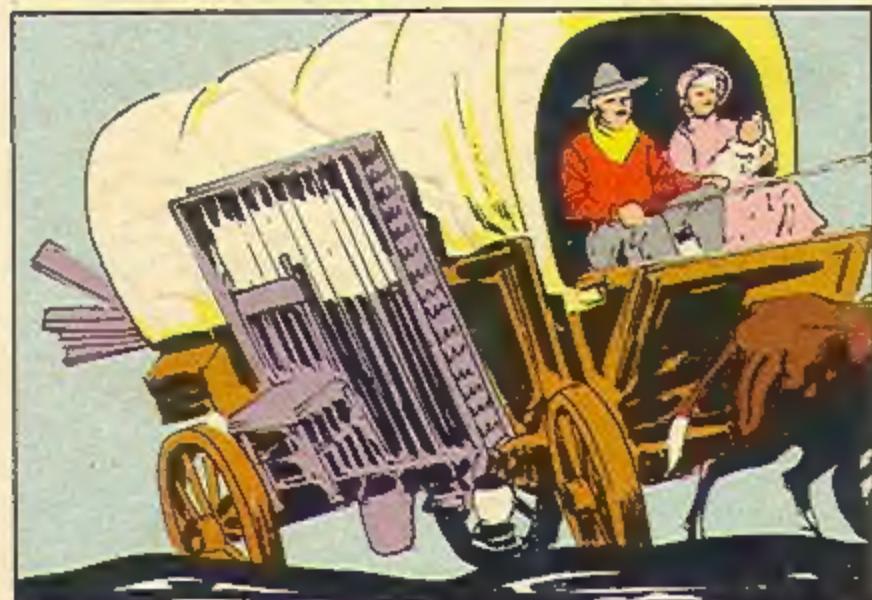


COPYRIGHT, 1950, BY WESTERN PRINTING & LITHO. CO.

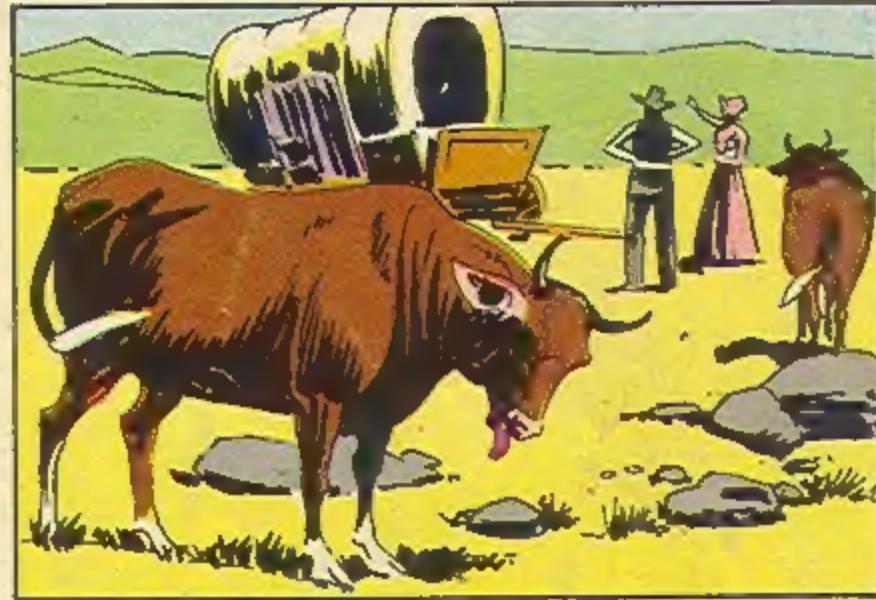
Even before organized wagon trains began to roll West, small family groups banded together and began the long trek toward the setting sun. Their pioneer blood would not wait for others to blaze trails for them.



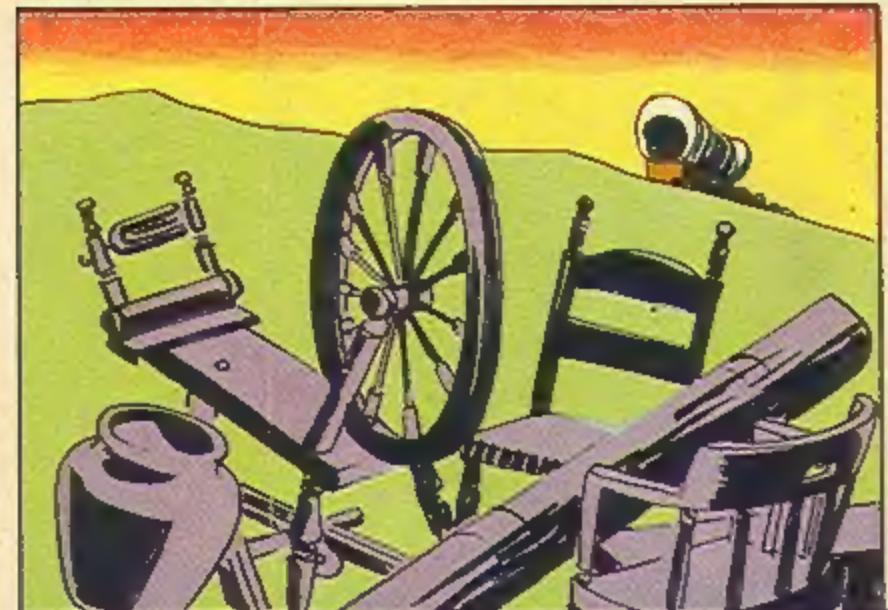
The stoutly constructed wagons were built tightly enough to float when rivers must be crossed and of planks thick enough to afford protection from the bullets of Indian guns when forted against an attack.



But the great defect in the wagons was the lack of inside space. And pioneers, wanting to insure their comfort in the new land, overloaded the wagons with all sorts of family possessions and heirlooms.



As the terrain became more hazardous, the weary oxen weakened under the strain of the heavy loads and it became necessary to dispose of treasures to lighten the wagons . . . but the problem was what to discard.



Only the most necessary things were kept. As tools and furniture were tossed off along the way, a well-marked trail was left by those first settlers . . . a trail of heartbreak littered with broken dreams.



But much was learned from these experiences. When wagon trains were formed, one of the wagon master's jobs was to help people decide what to pack aboard and how much. An overloaded wagon meant a bad start.